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EDITORIAL COMMENTS

The Recovery of the Holy Father

THE celebration, by Rome and the Catholic world on February 12th, of the fifteenth anniversary of the Holy Father's coronation took on a deeper note of gratitude to God from the fact of his unexpected recovery from grave danger of death. At one time it had seemed unlikely that he would live to see the beginning of a new year of office, but, happily, in answer to our prayers Providence has granted him a new lease of life. No life is more necessary for the well-being of Christianity and of all mankind. The world could ill spare the one statesman who has been able to trace the roots of its distress and to prescribe real remedies. How wide his outlook, how constant his care, how wise has been his judgment during these fifteen years. He has spoken with insight and authority, on the restoration of religion, on various moral evils, on Christian marriage, on education, on the priesthood, on the foreign missions, on the lay apostolate, on the whole social question: he has settled the baffling Italian political *impasse*: he has stimulated the studies of the Church and the pursuit of true learning. All this and more he has had the strength and inspiration to accomplish. But the perverse world needs further and fuller help and guidance. It needs above all a magisterial pronouncement on what has become its obsession and its despair—the evils of human warfare. May he be granted length of days thus to crown the work of his fruitful reign—the establishment of Christ's peace in the world that is His kingdom.

Catholic Unity

THE danger of a division amongst Catholics, to the grave detriment of the cause of God—between those who incline to the Right and those who incline to the Left, in politics and economics—is so increasingly manifest that the Archbishop's New Year Message to his diocese, calling

for Catholic unity and love in the pursuit and practice of the truth, was exceedingly opportune. His Grace took occasion to point out that what the Joint Pastoral of the hierarchy condemned in Capitalism was not the economic system itself, but the exclusion from its working of the laws of justice and charity, and that the Bishops' repudiation of Communism referred to the atheistic variety that arrays class against class, and tries to secure justice by wrong methods. Class-hatred is not less evil because largely impersonal: it is a crime against the basic law of brotherly love, which Our Lord declared to be identical in motive with the love of God. All Catholics must needs desire the Kingdom of God and His justice, and that common purpose should counteract whatever differences in circumstances or work or prospects prevail amongst them. One effect, then, that may be hoped for the exercise of the lay apostolate is the more frequent and fuller association of Catholics of every grade in the evangelical work they are privileged to share.

In the organized unity of Catholic Action [writes the Archbishop]¹ there should be no respecting of persons. The Church of Christ pays equal regard and gives equal opportunity to the high born and to the lowly, to the workman and to the employer. The ranks of the clergy are recruited from every grade of society. The poor and helpless are the most numerous and the dearest members of Christ, and should, therefore, be of the greatest concern to those who have power and social standing. In Christ there is no distinction of class, no difference of race.

We have almost a superfluity of Catholic Societies which, if they were adequately supported, would serve as means to bring the faithful together. But we still look in vain for any "Federation of Catholic Employers," such as those existing in France, Belgium, and elsewhere, which, possibly under the auspices of the Catholic Social Guild, might be brought into fruitful contact with the workers to the great advantage of both. The Papal teaching on modern commerce and industry needs to be assimilated and applied by the whole Catholic body in agreement. It is addressed to both Capital and Labour: it is based on principles of justice and charity which all Catholics acknowledge; it proposes means for the better distribution of property and for the removal of abuses which should be the aim of all Christians.

¹ *Westminster Cathedral Chronicle*, January, 1937, p. 3.

Capitalism on Trial

DURING the past month or so the question of mending or ending Capitalism has been usefully discussed in the pages of *The Tablet*. It is a question of the first importance, since the Capitalist system enters so completely into the body economic that even the process of correcting its abuses must be attended by some measure of discomfort, whilst it could not be destroyed altogether without causing prolonged or irremediable chaos. The Socialist slogans—"Welfare not Wealth," "From each according to capacity, to each according to need," and so forth—assume a capacity in fallen humanity to undo the consequences of the Fall without even calling on the Redeemer for aid. Christians, on the other hand, know that as the spiritual perfection of the individual is a lengthy and painful process, rarely brought to a successful conclusion in this life, the spiritual perfection of humanity as a whole must be an ideal wholly beyond reach. But they know also that the individual, and society as well, are indefinitely *perfectible* with the Divine help, and that, therefore, efforts to improve both should never cease. The protagonist for Capitalism in *The Tablet* showed himself well aware of its defects, which in the main are moral rather than material, due to humanity rather than to the machine. That being recognized, the remedy lies in applying Christian principles—the Just Price, the Living Wage, the Distribution of Property, the Right to Leisure—to industry at home, and in regulating in a spirit of equity competition in international dealings. The desire of gain is so essential a part of human nature that it cannot, nor should, be extirpated but, like every other passion, it must be controlled by law and reason: the pursuit of self-interest should never be allowed to disregard the equal rights of others. Only religion—the conviction that wealth is a trust from God and should be used to benefit His creatures—can supply the needful check to covetousness.

Collective Folly: Individual Prudence

HAVING created the collective system for national security—the League of Nations—and having refused to make the sacrifices of independence and privilege necessary to make it work, the Great Powers in their desperation have lapsed into the most futile and wasteful form of seeking national safety—competitive armaments. The very Minister

who introduced the Defence Loan measure on February 18th, providing for an expenditure on armaments of 300 million pounds for the next five years, probably uttered his real mind three weeks before at Birmingham when he said :

As I watched the figures mounting up, as I reflect upon the growing cost and maintenance of this vast panoply when we have completed it, I cannot help being impressed by the incredible folly of civilization which is piling these terrific burdens on the shoulders of the nations, burdens which, if something is not done to reduce them, are bound to pull down the standard of living for a generation to come.

No doubt, the rulers of every Great Power think the same. It is surely "incredible folly" on the part of Europe, after the experience of 1914—1918, to be pursuing with increased vigour the policies which led to that catastrophe. Mr. Baldwin, who himself confessed last November 9th that the re-armament of Europe was "inconceivable folly," adding—"war means misery untold, beside which the misery of the last War was happiness"—now claims for this country "an air force of immense power," in view of its responsibilities and dangers. But, with quite as much justification, the other Powers all want to make their "defences" as strong as, or stronger, than any possible attack, and they are naturally not reassured by the wearisome reiteration on the part of her spokesmen that Britain's strength is meant only for defence. Unhappily, strong for defence necessarily means, as far as mobile force is concerned, strong for attack, and the other Great Powers cannot reasonably be expected to rest their security on the accident of Britain's good will. Besides, the European Powers and those beyond the seas know very well that Britain is non-aggressive only because she has got all she wants, whereas most of them are still comparatively "hungry."

Lost Opportunities

WHY do statesmen persevere in policies which they stigmatize as "incredibly foolish"? The answer they would make is that they cannot help themselves: they must arm because other nations arm. If the simultaneous and universal reduction of armaments to the measure of police-forces recommended by Benedict XV in August, 1917, had been

agreed on at Versailles, each nation would to-day find itself incomparably more secure and prosperous than it is or can hope to be in any other way. But the victors were concerned to make only the German army a police-force whilst maintaining or even increasing their own armed might. It was there the "incredible folly" first showed itself. Now it is the German army that makes them afraid. A salient passage in Herr Hitler's Reichstag speech on January 30th should have stirred remorse in the hearts of those responsible for the fiasco of the Disarmament Conference. "Three times," said the Chancellor, "have I made concrete offers of armament limitation: three times these offers were rejected." The fable of the Sibylline Books has become a reality to-day.

The Partition of Africa: new Style

"THE hunger" just noted causes world unrest which expresses itself in armaments; this, and our politicians' often-repeated determination not even to consider whether by some minor sacrifice of interests the enormous benefit of a settled peace could be secured. Once again the Archbishop of Westminster¹ recalled the opportunity awaiting European statesmen of combining common sense and common charity in dealing with the problem of Africa—that vexed "colonial question" the settlement of which is absolutely essential for world-peace. Starting with the assumption that the only justifying cause for holding backward nations in tutelage is the determination of the colonizing Powers to promote the political, economic and social interests of their charges, not indeed wholly altruistically but with fair compensation for the trouble and expense involved, His Grace pointed out that the Mandate System, embodying the above assumption, has now made it possible for the European Powers concerned to atone for their past iniquities in enslaving and exploiting the natives of Africa by combining to share in some equitable fashion what is called "the White Man's burden," but is treated as the White Man's spoils. Furthermore, since the League of Nations has proved itself clumsy and inefficient in this matter, the speaker suggested that a *permanent* Common Council of the colonizing African Powers should be established, after the precedent of two previous Conferences in

¹ Speaking at Leeds on January 20th: see *Tablet*, January 23rd, for full report: previously he had discussed the problem in *THE MONTH*, October, 1935, "White against Black in Africa."

1885 and 1890, to apply in detail the principle of Collective Trusteeship in the administration of their Trusts. Selfish exploitation being thus ruled out, and justice and charity being called in aid, there *should* be no difficulty of distributing the burden equitably to the advance of civilization. But it is long since justice and charity—and reason itself—had much of a say in international dealings, and unless the devils of greed and pride are more thoroughly exorcized from the Governments concerned, the Archbishop's wise and Christian proposal will probably remain a dream.

The Hitler *Kulturkampf*

THE German Bishops are denouncing with more and more vigour and directness the grosser and more frequent violations of the Concordat of which the German civil authorities are guilty : on the other hand, the German Catholics seem to be yielding more completely to the enormous pressure to which the anti-Catholic State-system exposes them. The fight is mainly for the soul of the child : is it to become a German first and a Catholic a very long way after ? Is the Church of which it became a member by Baptism to be deprived of any real influence in its spiritual training ? If Herr Bauer of Munich and the other education authorities have their way, the Catholic school-child will certainly lose all effective religious training, be taught to deify the State, to hate the Jews, to assimilate the pagan morality of the "Hitler Jugend" around him, in spite of all that its parents and pastors can do to prevent that result. This alone would show how essentially anti-Christian State-Absolutism is, and how real a persecution Catholics undergo who have to submit to it. It is strange that any ruler can think of unifying the State by attempts to coerce the consciences of so many of the citizens. German Catholics are supposed to represent about one-third of the population. No doubt the Nazi tyranny has caused and will cause many apostasies, but the fidelity of multitudes will be strengthened by the ordeal, and the heroism shown during Bismarck's *Kulturkampf* will be conspicuously renewed. What blindness is it that causes a regime, which professes radical opposition on mere political grounds to Communism, not to fear to cripple and antagonize the one institution which can counteract that godless creed effectually, viz., by means of charity and truth ? But there is no vision in the present statesmanship of Germany,

which is trying to cast out devils by the aid of Beelzebub. In its ultimate analysis, as Dr. W. Gurian has pointed out, Totalitarianism is own brother to Bolshevism. The German Bishops call for no action beyond increased zeal in preserving and practising personal faith. The Church still obeys the Concordat and denounces its violation. The Pope still hopes that the State will respect its pledged word.

Catholic Awakening in Mexico

A GLEAM of good news comes from persecuted Mexico which may be the herald of a real dawn. The Catholic citizens of that hapless country have in many places forcibly asserted their right to worship. It is true that this follows a protest against attacks on the Church by Señor Cabrera, a former Minister, and an alleged decision of President Cardenas to allow more freedom of worship, yet it marks a welcome recovery of national spirit. The Church, which teaches that all government should be primarily for the good of the governed, allows the right of the citizen to revolt against any system of rule which notably fails in this its first object, if there are no other means of redress and if the rising has a real prospect of success. This is an exercise of the natural right of self-defence against injustice, inherent in all individuals and organized societies, and it must be strenuously upheld, if the world is not to lapse into anarchy. All Governments tend to become tyrannical if those they rule are too submissive and apathetic. Eternal vigilance against that tendency is the price of liberty. Perhaps if the Mexican Catholics had been better organized, they would have been able at the outset to check the savage despotism which has outraged their religious and civil rights for so long. Let us hope that an equally vigorous assertion of freedom of education will follow, for the Mexican school-system is truly Satanic in its attempt to corrupt youth.

A Foolish Mission to Spain

THE much-advertised flying visit of six Protestant clergymen to Red Spain "to report on religious conditions there" was a melancholy and futile performance, illustrating nothing more than their personal incompetence for the task. The sole evidence which they discovered of the survival of religion under the Communists seems to have been that sundry Protestant Bibles were found somewhere exposed

for public sale. We mention those visitors here only to note the wilful blindness of so many critics of Catholic Spain. Without travelling at all they might have gathered from innumerable sources, Red and anti-Red, that the communist Government has *de facto* suppressed all Catholic worship wherever it can, and means to keep it suppressed. They might have read in the communist Press that the Red rulers had the active support of the whole Anti-God movement throughout the world. The pleasant assurances of their hosts that Spain may be anti-clerical but not anti-God ill assort with the message sent by the Spanish Minister of Education to the International Anti-God Congress held in Moscow in the second week of February and containing the plain statement: "Your struggle against religion is also ours. It is our duty to make Spain a land of militant atheists." And no one can say that Azaña's Government has not steadfastly pursued that aim, beginning long before Catholic Spain rose in self-defence.

Blindness to Facts

IN spite of accumulated evidence of the fact that religion is the main issue between the combatants in Spain—a fact which would seem to preclude the possibility of compromise—there seem still to be Catholics who, if not actually on the side of the Reds, think it their duty to profess neutrality. Yet, they have doubtless read what General Franco has described as his programme. They have seen the eloquent defence made by Gil Robles of the Catholic rising. They have had before them the condemnation of the Reds uttered, if rather late, by Señor Zamora and by the late Señor Unamuno. Above all, the scathing yet paternal exposure of the Basques' betrayal of the Faith contained in the appeal to their leader made by Cardinal Goma of Toledo, cannot have escaped them. All these documents, and many others as enlightening and authentic, have been published in our Catholic papers,¹ without bringing light or conviction to their "neutral" minds. It cannot be that they share the foolish persuasion, so sedulously fostered by the Liberal and Labour Press, that the fight is between Democracy and Fascism, or between an oppressed proletariat and its capitalist exploiters. It must be that they are horrified, as they well may be, by the physical horrors of modern warfare, or have somehow been affected by

¹ We especially commend a well-documented pamphlet by G. M. Godden reprinted from *The Dublin Review* and entitled "Communist Operations in Spain" (B.O. & W.: 2d.).

the non-Catholic pacifist idea that "war is against the teaching of Christ." In a previous issue enough has been said on that topic: we need only repeat that in this imperfect world many things must be permitted in practice which are against the ideals of Christianity. It may be, though the signs are rather the other way, that the future will behold for the first time in history a "martyr nation"—a people that will voluntarily and unanimously abandon its right to repel unjust force by force—but it would be foolish to count on it and wrong to insist on it. Meanwhile, what the historian Livy, led merely by the light of nature, said of warfare remains true—"Justum est bellum, quibus necessarium et pia arma, quibus nulla nisi in armis relinquitur spes" (Hist., ix, 1). The good cause of Peace will not prosper if it is not based upon truth and buttressed by reason.

Communist "Peace" Tactics

WE have reason to be grateful to Mgr. A. Jackman, Rector of Holy Rood, Watford, for detecting and exposing the pseudo-peace tactics of the Communists in his parish. It is part of the clever campaign conducted by these strategists to espouse some worthy ideal, arouse general enthusiasm for it and then divert the moral forces thus generated to their own subversive ends. They are so proud of this procedure that they have made no secret of it, and it was fully described in the lucid "Comments on the International Peace Campaign" which we published last November. For it is the Christian ideal of universal peace that they have now chosen to exploit as a means of spreading their unChristian doctrines. It was on the occasion of a Peace Council at Watford convened by the Mayor that Mgr. Jackman asked for assurances that it was not being run by Communists. The assurances were not given him and the event proved how well founded his suspicions were. Communists dominated the gathering, and shared in the membership of the resulting permanent Committee. We trust that our Catholic authorities everywhere, while not ceasing to work for world-peace, will be on their guard against associating with those who are in fact working for world-disruption.

The Diminishing Birth-rate

CLOSELY connected with the institution of marriage at which pseudo-reformers are at present foolishly tinkering, is the question of contraception. The rulers everywhere

¹ See "A Pacifist Heresy," THE MONTH, October, 1936.

are becoming alarmed for one reason or another at the universal decrease of the birth-rate. One cause for alarm arises from the calculation that in 1950 Germany will have 13 million males of military age whilst England and France will have only 8 millions and 7 millions respectively! France has long ago tried to encourage large families by legal and financial privileges. Italy is doing the same to-day. In Germany, as in France, contraception propaganda is a criminal offence. In this country there is a slight remission of taxation on account of children: on the other hand, large families amongst those dependent on public assistance are officially frowned on, and instruction in contraception is allowed in public clinics. The whole of modern life, its ideals, its amusements, its luxuries, favours few or no children amongst the married. It is obvious that no mere material remedies can cure what is in essence a moral disease, rooted in irreligious selfishness. With euthanasia to supplement birth-prevention, society would be in a fair way towards perishing hereafter, were it not for the leaven of Christianity in its midst—that Christianity which many Governments are persecuting and to which the rest show themselves indifferent. Faced by the startling fact that since the beginning of the century the birth-rate in this country has been halved, it is proposed to set up a Commission to inquire into causes and suggest remedies. There is no need of a Commission to discover either.

The Martyrs of Ireland

IT has often been remarked as singular that the Catholic country of Ireland which claims more martyrs put to death for the Faith than England can, has yet had only one, Blessed Oliver Plunket, raised to the altars of the Church. The reason generally alleged is that the records are very defective. However, this coming year, a great effort will be made to advance the Causes of Blessed Oliver, several more Bishops, and some 200 others of various classes whose claims to martyrdom have long been under consideration. A pamphlet—"Life of Blessed Oliver Plunket," by the Rev. Sir John O'Connell, published by the C.T.S. of Ireland, under the auspices of the League of Prayer for his canonization—should arouse a widespread interest in that object, which will also be furthered by a large National Pilgrimage from Ireland to Rome in October next.

AN INTERNATIONAL OUTLOOK

DURING the past few years a considerable number of articles on international questions have been published in these pages. The appearance of yet another, and that on general lines, might seem to need excuse. But, seeing the importance of the subject, the writer feels that he will be pardoned if he gives the substance of a lecture, but recently delivered.¹ It is scarcely necessary to point out that some interest in what is happening outside the limits of our own particular country, some understanding of the problems of the Church in lands other than our own, is implied in the very name of *Catholic* that we profess and bear. We are members of a Universal Church which has a message for every people and excludes none from its appeal. This Church is "international"; it is active throughout the world. Its faithful can never enjoy the easy identification of State and Church, of the religious and the national, which is possible in a country with a State or national Church. They are thereby freer and more independent and should find it more natural to think "internationally." I would prefer the term "supra-national," for this has several advantages. It does not deny the reality and value of much that goes to the making of nationalism, but endeavours to transcend or go beyond it. And then the prefix "supra" contains the healthy hint that there are other and perhaps higher principles and duties which must be recognized by States in their dealings both with their own subjects and with one another. It has the further merit of distinguishing a Catholic outlook from certain other brands of "internationalism" that are shallow or suspect or completely unacceptable.

I would like to consider this impossibly vast subject of the Church and the World under three heads which may offer some elements for the formation of a Catholic attitude. Not, of course, that every Catholic will judge of foreign events in exactly the same way, any more than he will or should have the same political leanings in domestic affairs. But there are general principles which he will accept and certain problems he will submit to serious examination. As far as the former

¹ At Mount St. Mary's College, Spinkhill, Derbyshire, on Sunday, February 7th, to the meeting of the Federation of University Catholic Societies.

are concerned, it is clear, to him at least, that there is some measure of right and wrong, independent both of the individual and of society. It is obvious that the State, or any other body, must recognize such principles of right and wrong; and, in so far as rights or duties arise from them, these are prior to the State and independent of it, if not for their application, at least for their being and existence. In other words, the moral law is not merely the concern of the individual. The difficulties which arise in its practical imposition upon corporate bodies do not alter the fact that they are subject to it. Therefore, it is evident that international agreement must be based upon and include a recognition of rights and duties, that are prior in part to the contracting States themselves. Otherwise, their relations will be those of expediency, utilitarianism, pragmatism, call it what you will; it will be an attitude not necessarily conditioned, maybe not affected at all, by moral obligation. There is no need to labour the point that a Catholic position would insist upon this. It is interesting to note that the Christian idea of such relationship survived the break-up of Christendom. In the seventeenth century Grotius still accepted the state of natural law in which individuals and families lived side by side before the institution of civil society. This conception he extended to dealings of States with one another, it being obvious, he considered, that, as positive international law was not yet sufficiently developed, the independent nations were still in this "state of nature" in their mutual relations.

The notion of natural rights and law was gradually abandoned by modern States and their henchmen, the political thinkers. For Hobbes, in the seventeenth century, human nature was from the beginning corrupt and abominable. Whatever is natural to man is simply evil. There is no hope for the wild ruffian, Man, born into a condition of anarchy, unless he force himself to unite with others in civil society. Men came together, not from love of one another, not even because they felt the necessity of a social existence, but simply and solely for self-protection. Each of them was ready to forgo the doubtful and dangerous pleasure of leading his life in his own way, on condition that everyone else would do likewise. This State or "great Leviathan," in which they merge their individual wills, is thereafter the source of all justice and every right; it is supreme and they are at its mercy. For Hegel, in the nineteenth century, individual

purposes and aims must be subordinated to the manifestation of the Universal Spirit or Will, which presents itself in the laws and institutions of the community, of which the individual is a member. We must, therefore, resist not merely inclinations towards pleasure or the desire for selfish happiness, but even the promptings of our own conscience, should they come into conflict with those institutions and laws, with the Universal Spirit, that is, as it reveals itself in its loftiest earthly incarnation, the State. The influence of thought of this kind upon the development of the modern State can hardly be exaggerated. Natural rights have gone. Individuals are regarded as existing for the State and not, as the truth is, *vice versa*. Our State has become "totalitarian" and claims an authority that is absolute, in practically every sphere of activity and even thought. The Fascist can assert: "Nothing without the State; nothing against the State; nothing beyond the State." And once emancipated from the moral law, this State may go further and insist that the moral code is only there to suit its purposes.

It is clear that the attitude of a State in international policy will depend upon the conception it has of its internal position. If it can do no wrong where its own subjects are in question, it will scarcely consider itself bound by any law more fundamental than that of expediency in its relations with other States like itself. Here again a Catholic will object that, not only are there these principles of right and wrong that it must take into account, but that itself is a member of a natural society of nations. This is evident. There is one God, one Lord and Father of all, one common Creator; man's destiny is always and everywhere the same. Quite apart from all considerations of economic and cultural interdependence, a natural unity of the human race brings with it the obligation of co-operation to secure international justice and peace. This is the constant teaching of Catholic authorities and has been emphasized again and again by the Holy See in recent years. "The human race," writes Suarez, "though divided into no matter how many different peoples and nations, has for all that a certain unity, a unity not merely physical, but also, in a sense, political and moral. . . Wherefore, though any one State, Republic or Kingdom, be in itself a perfect community and constant in its members, nevertheless, each of the States is also a member, in a certain manner, of the world, as far as the human race is concerned. . . For this reason they

need some law whereby they may be directed and rightly ruled in this kind of communication and society."¹ Much more recently, Taparelli was to add that "it is nature itself, that eloquent interpreter of the divine will, which calls all people to form among themselves one universal association and at the same time makes it their duty to do so."²

In this connexion a practical question at once arises. Does this imply some obligation to associate oneself with the League of Nations, as it is at present constituted? Catholic teaching and tradition insist upon the need and duty of co-operation based upon a sense of a common unity, interests and principles. Some of the pronouncements of Pope Benedict XV during and after the War appeared to give a strong Catholic support to the League. In a "Letter to the Heads of States engaged in War" (August, 1917), he suggested as one of the points to be included in a future peace the setting up of some court of arbitration, with sanctions against powers who would refuse to submit to it their disputes and grievances; and in an Encyclical of 1920 he expressed the hope that nations would enter without misgiving into a general society for their own protection and for the common order.³ But since then, circumstances have weakened the attachment which Catholics might have shown to the League and at the present moment it is sadly reduced in prestige.⁴ But however this question will be solved—and I fear that Catholic opinion on the Continent is by no means favourable to the League, as it now stands—its formation has pointed in the right direction. Co-operation there must be; and such co-operation is hardly to be envisaged without some central authority as its representative.

With the notion of common action goes that of the duty of submitting difficulties between the Powers to some form of arbitration and of an honest attempt to outlaw war, particularly in its modern form. This has been admitted by the politicians themselves in various post-War agreements, and very forcibly in the Pact of Paris, signed in 1928. The Powers

¹ Suarez, "De Legibus," Bk. II, ch. xix, par. 9.

² Taparelli, "Essai Théorique du Droit Naturel," Bk. VI, ch. iii, art. I, 1297. These are but two of countless passages. Many more examples can be found in the excellently documented "The Catholic Tradition of the Law of Nations," by Mr. John Eppstein from pages 247 to 313.

³ "Pacem Dei Munus Fulcherrimum," May 23, 1920.

⁴ This problem has been discussed in two recent numbers of this journal: in "Reflections on a Week-end Congress" (August, 1936) and "Catholics and the International Order" (December, 1936).

that accepted this Pact definitely condemned recourse to war for the solution of conflicts to which they shall be a party and renounced it as an instrument of policy in their mutual dealings. They agreed that "the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts, of whatever nature or of whatever origin they may be, which may arise among them, shall never be sought except by pacific means." It may be of interest in this context to call to mind the conclusions of a Conference of Moral Theologians at Fribourg in 1931 (they are printed in full in *THE MONTH* for January, 1932), where it is given as a considered opinion that, as things now stand, any war, declared by a State on its own initiative without previous recourse to the international institutions which exist to-day, cannot be a lawful social process. The professors in question add that war, as it is understood and waged at the present time, can never be legitimate.

A second element that must enter into a Catholic outlook is some kind of attitude towards the modern manifestation of nationalism. The existence of this phenomenon may easily persuade some people to go to the opposite extreme and take refuge in a woolly and unreal internationalism. In so far as the spirit of nationalism is excessive, it stands thereby condemned. The question is whether there are genuine factors that enter into this spirit and what value they may have in the present state of affairs. There is some confusion about terms. Are we to say that patriotism, the due attachment to one's country, is good, while nationalism, seen as its exaggeration, is bad? Better perhaps to take nationalism as a neutral term. In reasonable measure it will be good; its blatant or uncontrolled manifestation will be wrong. Now it is notoriously difficult to define the word Nation. Mr. Christopher Hollis, in an amusing though earnest paper on "The Presentation of History," read to the Catholic Headmasters' Conference some two or three years ago, suggested that "a nation is a group of people which thinks that it alone tells the truth" or even "a group of people living together and telling the same sort of lies"! On the whole, a nation may be said to be a body of human beings, living together in organized relationship and held to one another by what has been called a "peculiar kind of spiritual oneness," due to many factors—of race and language, of common descent and interests, of literature and culture, but most of all by common memories of an historic past, the heritage of this group.

What makes it so hard to define and so awkward to handle is just this presence of so many emotional and non-rational elements. A feeling is stirred by the distant rolling of the tambour or the pibroch's wail in the mists of the dawn, by an old legend of heroism or the sight of a flag in the breeze. There lies its strange intangibility, that is one of its dangers.

It is impossible to shut our eyes to a real force behind all expression of national sentiment. In the narrow sense, this emotion of nationality may be relatively modern but attachment to one's land and folk is as old as man himself. Local patriotism is more natural and more understandable than a wider national feeling; it is attachment to something of which one has immediate personal experience and memories, and that has a direct meaning for one. And curiously enough, where such strong local patriotism exists, as in the Tyrol and Switzerland, a wider national feeling is less vociferous. There is matter for regret in the replacement of the natural divisions of France by the artificial system of *départements* and the threat that the different German provinces will be superseded by a new arrangement of the *Gau*. The factors that play their part in nationalism, community of environment and experience and interest, are intensely real. There can, therefore, be a healthy and genuine nationalism. We are the children and heirs of the past; and our heritage is no contemptible one. Provided this spirit be positive and not negative, that is, if it consist in an appreciation of the value of this heritage, in the sense of the worth and dignity of one's own nation and its record and not in a hatred or contempt of others born outside this tradition, it has surely much of good in it. A national education in this sense preserves tradition in a world that is oddly *déraciné*, that has been severed from its spiritual roots. It provides a decent conservatism, for there is something worthy of conservation. And it should stimulate too a sense of association, a corporate social life, sadly needed after decades of unbridled individualism and *laissez-faire*. The very countries where we might well condemn an excess of national expression, give us, in spite of much other cause for regret, the example of an attempt to realize that more corporate existence.

But where this spirit goes too far, there it is both wrong and dangerous. And it is certainly running riot to-day. One can best sympathize with it perhaps in smaller countries which before the War were subject to foreign Governments

and are now enjoying their first decades of independence. The situation is complicated by the endeavour of certain Powers to become economically self-supporting. The nation is thus thrown back upon itself and made more and more self-conscious, a feeling that is intensified by the wholesale suggestion of a Press controlled and directed by some central authority. The wished-for reaction is thus produced, emotional, at times almost hysterical; hopes and fears are first instilled and then skilfully played upon. State or Nation or Race becomes idealized and made the object of a cult and, just as the moral law may be altered for its convenience, so too itself mounts upon an idol's throne, creates an atmosphere of mystery and awe and awaits a religious attitude from its attendants. A new idol, a new pagan worship, all the more dangerous because of the irrationalism which is its chief element. This is evil. But it should be remembered that post-War nationalism is to some extent at least a reaction against the current of communist influence and the disintegrating effects of its propaganda and activity. This is true both of Italy and Germany (it will no doubt later be true of Spain) as it is of some of the smaller countries like Hungary and Austria. The very insistence upon a perpendicular division of humanity into national groupings has been sharpened by the revolutionary effort to divide men horizontally into social and economic classes.

A third point calls for brief consideration. The outlook, of which there is question, must be a realistic one. We do well to remind ourselves that Communism is still the vital problem, the issue that is dividing nations and dividing men. The Komintern's activity, in politics as in religion, is as pronounced as ever. And for export purposes it has a brand of watered-down, humanized doctrine which makes an appeal to certain sections of the English public. The injustice of the present social system and its plea for radical reform will gain it converts among honest if hardly clear-minded persons, especially if the brutal and ruthless character of the "reform" it would envisage be kept carefully in the background. Just as its policy since 1935 has been to encourage and to enter into coalitions of the Left under the guise of a Popular Front, so will it also don the sheep's clothing of the peace enthusiast and the democrat and sit among the lambs. It will represent the systems, which it dislikes and condemns together without much discrimination under the general term

of "Fascist," as undemocratic (this, of course, is in part correct); itself will claim to be the friend of democracies and is sometimes impudent enough to pose as democratic. As a matter of fact, there is nothing which the Communist holds in greater scorn than the liberal democracy of Western Europe. It is not easy for the average Englishman, reared on these "liberal" ideas and with an inherited bias against Catholicism, to understand the small appeal which these same ideas make abroad and the position there of the Catholic Church. He is thus no difficult prey for clever propagandists. This has been shown so definitely during the Spanish civil war, which is presented to innocent English eyes as a struggle for democracy. It is, of course, a conflict between various national parties which stand for order and the old tradition, and the elements that have been influenced and are controlled by revolutionary movements of many kinds. And these latter have set themselves to destroy, not merely the national tradition, but also the Catholic Church. But—we are rudely told—it is the Church, the Church with its thousands of murdered priests and nuns and hundreds of outraged and shattered churches, the Church which has been the object of attack and persecution since 1931, that is the real villain of the piece. Dignitaries and journals of the Church Established have sided with the so-called Government against all those forces in Spain, of order, tradition and religion, which in their own country they would doubtless hold most dear. To say nothing of an unmannerly want of sympathy with suffering Christians, it points to a completely unreal appreciation of what has happened. The recent report of some clergymen after a short visit to one or two of the towns under the "Government's" control appears to suffer from the same defect.¹ Though it is admitted that many priests have been killed and churches destroyed by "marauding bands of terrorists" and although "it has to be remembered that there had grown up in Spain a section which believed in violence and terrorism and whose activities were specially directed against the Church and the observance of religion," the distinction is drawn between an anti-God movement which is there denied, and anticlericalism. But with all this fine distinction the realities of the situation are glimpsed through some of their sentences. "In all the territory we visited all Catholic churches were

¹ Reported in *The Times* for February 16th, and adequately exposed in our Catholic Weeklies for February 19th.

either closed or secularized and no religious services were being held in them." And the members of the Valencia "Government" expressed their belief in "freedom of faith and of worship, and the hope that when the war was over a *good number of the churches* would be reopened—there would, of course, be difficulty in de-secularizing some of the church-buildings which have been put to communal uses."

Does my argument imply that, out of sheer reaction away from Communism, a Catholic might very well turn to Fascism as the best alternative? The answer would be No. "Dieu, est-Il à droite?" was the title of an article in the *Vie Intellectuelle*.¹ But God is neither right nor left nor centre. There is probably much sympathy among Catholics with the Italian form of Fascism, since, owing to the practical foresight of the Fascist leaders and their recognition of the reality of Catholicism in their country, they have made efforts to establish a *modus vivendi* of State and Church. But the ideological differences are deep-seated (reference need only be made to the Encyclical "Non Abbiamo Bisogno," frequently quoted in these pages); there is something definitely repugnant in "totalitarian" ideals. The Catholic will be slow to identify himself with any definite regime. He will work with all that are not vitiated in their very first principles (since he cannot postulate an ideal world) and yet remain always acutely conscious of their shortcomings: he will remind himself that he is independent and has fixed and guiding principles that he will try to realize as nearly as he may, principles above all else of justice and charity and peace.

JOHN MURRAY.

¹ February 25, 1936.

Arc-en-ciel

WHAT time God signed the primal covenant
Between the waters and the firmament,
He dipped His finger in the sunset glow
and lo!

From sod to sod,
Shone rainbow's prism through the drops aslant—
The tears of heaven, light-besprent,
Veiling the Face of God.

G. GWYN.

RELIGION THE SOUL OF EDUCATION

AT no time has so much attention been given to popular education as at present. Among ourselves illiteracy has become so rare that the man or woman who cannot read is looked upon as a curiosity. The progress made since the establishment of School Boards in 1870 seems, when we look back to its humble beginnings, almost incredible. The magnitude, equipment and architectural merits of the buildings erected, the cultural standard reached by the teaching profession, the sympathetic approach which pedagogy now makes to the child's mind and the increased facilities for further cultural development afforded to promising youths of both sexes constitute a record of which there is no need to be ashamed. On the technical side, at least, it may be admitted that our educational authorities have shown themselves alert to the requirements of the age. The criticism to which they are subjected only serves to show that the desire for improvement is not yet exhausted. Controversy and experiment and the rivalry of other nations keep the matter alive and excite widespread public interest. It is not on these grounds we would question the wisdom of our educationalists. While they are showing themselves proficient in devising means of promoting health and urgent in insisting upon bodily fitness and eager in pursuit of new methods of tuition, they are open to criticism on a more fundamental question, one, indeed, which lies at the base of the whole educational structure. Until this has been answered it is difficult to appraise rightly the value of the advance made.

Our inquiry relates to the motive of this increased interest in education. By what purpose are our activities in this sphere directed? What is the idea inspiring our efforts?

So far as the State is concerned there would seem to be little doubt as to the nature of the reply that must be given. Under a system of government claiming to be democratic, the electorate must be safeguarded as far as possible against ill-informed judgments and the effects of pernicious propaganda. "We must educate our masters," was the motto of those who witnessed the political changes of the nineteenth century.

An illiterate democracy swayed by rumour and ignorant of past and present history, is an obvious danger to the stability of the realm. Political expediency, then, suggests the necessity of raising the level of intelligence among those with whom rest ultimately the responsibilities of government.

Moreover, we have to remember the requirements of our modern industrial civilization. The success of our commercial enterprises demands a large body of fairly well educated citizens, capable of conducting them in an efficient manner. And seeing that it is in these material things that our interests as a widespread commonwealth chiefly lie, preparation for commercial and industrial careers becomes a leading motive in education. Technical training in science, mathematics and practical mechanics under these circumstances assumes an importance which surpasses training in "civics." If we were mainly intent on "educating our masters" to vote intelligently, we should clearly insist more on the study of history and political systems, ancient and modern. Otherwise we are placing political responsibility upon shoulders unprepared to bear it, and, instead of democracy, risking the growth of mob-rule.

We are not speaking only, or mainly, about primary education. The neglect affects the higher grades. The neglect so frequently exhibited of such subjects as Latin and Greek, and the small place which they occupy in the curriculum of our newer universities, is profoundly significant in the present connexion. Even where attention is devoted to science, the object is not so much pure science as applied—the technical knowledge required for running our industries. The utilitarianism of the ideals governing our educational system is too obvious to need further stressing.

When we turn from the curriculum to the senior scholars in our schools we find, as might be expected, this utilitarian attitude reflected. The pupil is acutely conscious that he has to make his way in a crowded world, where workers are more numerous than jobs and where among those employed there is fierce competition. We can scarcely blame him if culture seems less important than technical equipment. That his choice is not a free one but is forced on him by the conditions of the modern world is indicated by two facts. In the exhibits of almost any elementary Council School will be found drawings, paintings and modelling which show real artistic merit. What chance has this artistic taste and ability to be further

developed? The children thus gifted are destined in the majority of cases to be employed (if employed at all) in occupations of a mechanical character which will afford no real outlet for their gifts.

The second fact pointing in the same direction appears in the readiness with which the unemployed turn their talents in their enforced leisure to crafts needing a higher sort of skill than that used in their normal work. The conclusion seems unavoidable that the training required by commerce and industry, so far from being a response to a spontaneous demand, is in conflict with deeply-buried but surviving instincts.

Between culture and what we understand to-day by education the gulf is widening. Except in so far as older ideals linger in our more ancient universities and public schools the idea of education *per se* is fading. The enrichment of the mind by acquaintance with the learning of the past, the cultivation of the ability to appreciate the best in art and letters, the discipline of the reasoning powers as a means of discovering and appropriating ultimate truth, must now be looked on as luxuries to be afforded only by such as are untroubled by anxieties concerning their means of livelihood.

But there is an educational ideal higher even than that of culture for its own sake. It is not, after all, to the Renaissance that we look for the noblest example of intellectual activity under Christian auspices. We must seek elsewhere if we would discover the purpose which should inspire true cultural development. It is only in the religious sphere that the clue is given us as to the character of that purpose.

In the Parable of the Talents we are reminded that we are rightly supposed not only to dedicate to their Giver such abilities as we possess but also to see to their development. With the gifts of heart and mind bestowed on us our Divine Master expects us "to trade till He come," and to show a profit. Accordingly, it is our tutors' business to help us to use to advantage our intellectual powers, however mediocre. The obligations of genius or of special endowments are fairly well recognized. The spectacle of a genius squandering his powers through self-indulgence—history is unhappily full of such waste—makes an obvious text for the moralist. But it is not so generally realized that the man with one talent has obligations corresponding to his gifts. This is a very different thing, of course, to the ambition which may lead a man

to push his way to the front of the crowd. It is not the recognition of abilities which is under consideration, but their development. And this has nothing to do with the competitive urge that incites men to cultivate their powers for the sake of eclipsing others. It is something between God and the individual soul. Am I making the best of that self which He created?—is the question that we are driven to ask.

The term "self-culture" has unpleasing associations which may make it grate on the ears of the religious-minded. The very idea of education has become so secularized that we may fail to grasp the fact that, understood in the broadest sense, self-development, according to our opportunities, is enjoined upon us as a religious duty. We may not be able to better the world, for that is a matter not wholly under our control, but we can cultivate the small patch over which we hold authority. We are not exempt from the obligation to make the best of ourselves by the consciousness that the world has little use for the special gifts committed to us. This is a realm wherein demand ceases to dictate supply. It may be that we are called upon to give the world what, though sadly needed, it does not want and will not pay for. The self-education that has behind it the drive of a religious motive is privileged to enjoy a royal independence, and it is that independence which may enable us to keep alive values that our generation would fain forget, to revive interests that have ceased to be fashionable or to anticipate a taste that has not been as yet formed. It is no human master we serve. In Milton's words :

All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye.

It is this conception of education which it is the special function of the Church to foster. It was this conception which governed her labours in laying the foundations of our Western culture. We overlook an important contribution to the cause of education if we limit the Church's part to that of imparting specific knowledge, whether of things earthly or heavenly. The proverb applies here which affirms that you may take a horse to the water but you cannot make him drink. It would have been but half the battle if the pioneers of European learning had opened before the barbarians' eyes new fields of knowledge without inspiring them with the desire to enter therein. It was, in fact, the religious impulse imparted by their teachers which carried the heathen over the

difficult barriers that lay between them and Roman civilization. They were taught to regard the treasures of that civilization in the light of the new self-respect which the preaching of the Gospel had instilled. The dignity they had acquired by Baptism made them ashamed of their former ignorance and boorishness. Church and Empire, religion and culture were then in close alliance, and to pass from the first to the second was natural. Thus the Church supplied an initial impulse for educational work which preserved it from many of the evils which have since overtaken it. We are not concerned here to point out the great service which churchmen rendered by making accessible the wide domains of theology, philosophy, logic and letters. Even at the cost of repetition it must be pointed out that no less a service was that which gave the *imprimatur* of the Faith to what was taught, and thus laid upon the undisciplined minds of the converts the obligation to acquire whatsoever in the civilized world might be, in St. Paul's words, "true, modest, just, holy, lovely and of good fame."

This religious motive it is which preserves culture from the decadence which otherwise is sure to attack it. Religion is the salt which strengthens resistance against the ever-present tendency to relapse into barbarism. The inspiration derived from the Church is calculated to encourage a disinterested love of learning for its own sake and thus prevents the machinery of education being exploited by the commercial motive. Pedantry, intellectual pride and all the other vices which prey on the scholar and, in the end, invalidate and destroy his scholarship, find here their foe.

Grave in the extreme as would be the loss of the Church's schools, such loss, it may be pointed out, would not necessarily prevent the exercise of the particular influence that has been described. That influence resides in the very nature of Catholic Christianity. By putting the whole man under the authority of God and making him conscious of his debt to the Creator, the Gospel is calculated to rouse every faculty. Be our talents one or many, they must be multiplied. This is something prior to the establishment of educational institutions, though the establishment of such institutions is its logical corollary.

The relevance of what has been said in the foregoing to the contemporary situation must be evident. We must not be deceived by the deep interest taken to-day in educational

questions nor by the increasing expenditure on educational objects. The trouble is that this may indicate only a desire to exploit education in the interests of national supremacy or industrial efficiency or some other utilitarian object. Just as our military requirements are leading statesmen to look into the physical condition of the population—a matter which deserves treatment on its own merits and apart from any menace of war—so, for other reasons scarcely less worthy, we have become acutely aware of the need there exists to raise the level of popular intelligence. But this is not a genuine enthusiasm for education as such and sooner or later the type of culture brought into existence by that motive will prove its shoddy character.

The spirit imparted by the Church is absolutely essential for the creation and maintenance of a true culture. In this matter the State is not self-sufficient. Instead of looking on the Church as a somewhat troublesome partner in educational matters, it should recognize its debt to that Institution for what is most necessary in the work of education. Weaken the religious motive and the road is opened for the degradation and final disappearance of the very idea of culture.

STANLEY B. JAMES.

"Meanwhile"

NOW, while the woods are dark, what may I see?
Not drift of bluebells, like a mantle spread,
Nor primrose bordering the path I tread,
Only Hope's star, that shines o'er glade and tree.

Now, while the birds are still, what shall I hear?
Not echo of the songs of yesterday,
Nor prelude of to-morrow's joyful lay,
Only Faith's music doth assail mine ear.

Now, while my heart is sleeping, can I make
Response to Thee?—my soul must know its night;
Yet shalt Thou guard it, Lord, till morning's light,
Thy Love alone sufficeth till I wake.

C. M. F. G. ANDERSON.

A PURITAN'S CATHOLIC FRIENDS

COWPER AND THE THROCKMORTONS

MANY a lover of English letters still finds his way to the poetry of Cowper, with its solidity, point, and sober perfume, and to his correspondence, so gay, humane and companionable. One phase, however, of those charming letters has a special interest for Catholics, since it shows, with realism as well as tenderness, in what fashion some at least of our cultivated old Catholic families lived exactly a century and a half ago at their country seats, their bearing toward non-Catholics, and the reactions of a distinguished (if afflicted) mind such as William Cowper, classicist, evangelical, gentleman, religious hypochondriac—and, incidentally, the best letter-writer in the language. Some not contemptible lessons may be derived from these fascinating glimpses of a quiet rustic and refined life, albeit the descriptions were not deliberately written by the poet as lessons for Catholics of 1937. It is additionally piquant to think that no one would have been more demurely surprised than he, to know that this delightful, uncovenanted friendship would, one hundred and fifty years later, form the subject of comment in a Catholic review. All the better: we are looking in upon unrehearsed spontaneities.

We premise, then, what everybody remembers, that Cowper, after the brainstorm of early manhood, which effectually vetoed a career as Clerk in the House of Lords following the legal profession of Lord Cowper, settled (after Huntingdon) at Olney, in the northern corner of Buckinghamshire. Olney is not far from Horton, where the young Milton gathered the fragrant images of "L'Allegro." More to our point, it is nearer neighbour to the district of Weston, which was owned by the family of Throckmorton, who had never lost the Faith.

With them Cowper—the shy, recluse figure who was destined to liberate English poetry from the imitators of the brilliant artist Pope and his master Dryden (both, *inter alia*, Catholics)—soon formed an original, refreshing friendship, which did much to hold the towering shadows of Calvinism and despondency at bay. This it did, not by the direct method of talk or dispute on theology, but by the healthful

indirect way of influence and intellectual diversion. Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith hinted the other day, in a campaign for Catholic literature, that we Catholics do not read enough books, as distinct from periodical publications, so as to give basis and certainty to our proper culture. The Throckmortons were assuredly not open to this criticism; they had, to borrow Wordsworth's phrase, "a strong book-mindedness." They could converse on equal terms with one of the finest scholars and gentlemen of that classic-loving age; could compare his version of Homer with Pope's; acted as his transcriber—a privilege which their chaplain was glad also to claim.

It was a Catholic home from home for the lovable genius who in dark hours considered that he was a "castaway" from heaven. If they could not give him, formally, the Faith with its saving sanities, what they did give him was the imponderable results of their having the Faith—support, change, ease of mind, a reassuring atmosphere.

"They are the Throckmortons," he writes explaining his happiness to a distant friend, "descendants of Sir Nicholas of that name; young persons, but sensible, accomplished, and friendly in the highest degree. Beautiful grass-grounds encompass our village on all sides to a considerable distance, skirted by woods of great extent, belonging principally to our neighbours above-mentioned."

Again, "We are likely to be very happy in our connexion with the Throckmortons. His reserve and mine wear off, and he talks with great pleasure of the comfort that he proposes to himself from our winter-evening conversations. His purpose seems to be, that we should spend them alternately with each other. Lady Hesketh transcribes for me at present: when she is gone, Mrs. Throckmorton takes up that business, and will be my lady of the ink-bottle for the rest of the winter. She solicited herself that office."

They were obviously the best kind of gentlefolk, who could put at their ease a hypersensitive soul like the author of "The Task" and "John Gilpin," and his gentle companion Mrs. Unwin. So much so, that in 1786 the pair took wing from Olney to Weston Underwood village itself, nearer Throckmorton Hall, to "better air and a more walkable country."

Country tongues wagged, even then, mischievously. Quidnuncs hinted that Cowper and his mild old consort were going to be Catholic. This gossip was carried to the grim

Rev. John Newton ; and his rebuke moved Cowper to write to Mrs. Unwin's son :

This day three weeks your mother received a letter from Mr. Newton, which she has not yet answered, nor is likely to answer hereafter. The purport of it is a direct accusation of me, and of her an accusation implied, that we have deviated into forbidden paths, and lead a life unbecoming the Gospel . . . in short, that I converse too much with people of the world, and find pleasure in doing so. He concludes with putting your mother in mind that there is still an intercourse between London and Olney. We do not doubt it :—we never knew a lie hatched at Olney that waited long for a bearer. . . How do we spend our time in reality ? Our present course of life differs nothing from that which we have held these thirteen years, except that, after great civilities shown us, and many advances made on the part of the Throcks, *we visit them*. If by these procedures, so inoffensive in themselves, we yet give offence, offence must needs be given. God and our own consciences acquit us, and we acknowledge no other judges. The family with whom we have this astonishing acquaintance are as harmless in their conversation and manners as can be found anywhere.

To Newton's vile censorious letter the blameless solitary brings himself at last to reply :

The bearers of intelligence hence to London are not very scrupulous concerning the truth of their reports. Poor people are never well employed when they judge one another. Of this we are sure, that under the guidance of Providence we have formed these connexions, and we should have hurt the Christian cause rather than have served it, by a prudish abstinence from them ; and St. Paul himself, conducted to them as we have been, would have found it expedient to have done as we have done. The melancholy, incident to such close confinement as we have long endured, finds itself a little relieved by such amusements as a society so innocent affords. You may look round the Christian world and find few, I believe, of our station who have so little intercourse as we have with the world that is not Christian. Notwithstand-

ing all rumours to the contrary, we are exactly what we were when you saw us last.

The forked tongue of scandal surely never touched a more unlikely, inappropriate figure than the pure, scrupulous poet of domesticity and morals, whose chief dissipations were his cucumber-frame, his tame hares, country walks, gardening, hymn-writing, Scripture-reading, translation, correspondence and home life! Apparently, none can count upon exemption, however, in this world. The same common type of mind which (first creating the smoke) says, where there's smoke there's fire, merely says—in the absence of any smoke—They must be hiding something.

To Newton he writes later, since the back-door chatter had not ceased: "Our own removal [to Weston] is, I believe, the only news of Olney. Concerning this you will hear much, and much I doubt not that will have no truth in it. It is already reported there, and has indeed been for some time, that I am turned Papist." How the talkers would have exulted, could they have had access to his other letters; in one of which he speaks of a noon-day fancy, when staying near Netley Abbey, that he saw the old-time Abbot walking the grounds "blessing himself (good man)," and in another declares that any representation of Our Lord, pictorial or other, is a proper object of reverence, not of puritanic aversion. Nevertheless, timid as he was constitutionally, he did the only possible thing; he held on upon his own sincere course, and is able to write:

The Throckmortons continue the most obliging neighbours in the world. One morning last week, they both went with me to the cliff—a scene, my dear, in which you would delight beyond measure. What is called the cliff, is no cliff nor at all like one, but a beautiful terrace, sloping gently down to the Ouse, and from the brow of which, though not lofty, you have a view of such a valley as makes that which you see from the hills near Olney an affair of no consideration.

The poet even immortalized the decency and generosity of the Throckmortons in his principal poem, and named "John Courtney Throckmorton, Esq." in a special footnote, as the original of his "Benevolus"—the polished Benevolus, who

"spares me yet these chestnuts ranged in corresponding lines."

The folded gates would bar my progress now
But that the lord of this enclosed demesne,
Communicative of the good he owns,
Admits me to a share.

The association steadily ripens. "The good-natured Padre of the Hall has offered me, in Mrs. Throckmorton's absence, his transcribing assistance, of which I shall avail myself." He found that a little praise now and then is very good for your hard-working poet; and it came from these good people—discriminating praise. "I have already invited the good Padre in general terms, and he shall positively dine here next week, whether he will or not. I do not at all suspect that his kindness to Protestants has anything insidious in it, any more than I suspect that he transcribes Homer for me with a view to my conversion."

Our friends at the Hall [he remarks a year later] make themselves more and more amiable on our account, by treating us rather as old friends than as friends newly acquired. There are few days on which we do not meet, and I am now almost as much at home in their house as in our own. Mr. Throckmorton, having long since put me in possession of all his ground, has now given me possession of his library: an acquisition of great value to me, who never have been able to live without books since I first knew my letters, and who have no books of my own. Mr. George Throckmorton is at the Hall. I thought I had known these brothers long enough to have found out all their talents and accomplishments; but I was mistaken. The day before yesterday, after having walked with us, they conducted us up to the library and showed us the contents of an immense portfolio, the work of their own hands: drawings of an architectural kind executed in the most masterly manner, all I believe made at Rome. Some men may be estimated at a first interview, but the Throckmortons must be seen often, and known long, before one can understand all their value.

They lent him Peter Pindar and all manner of current works which he, the hermit, would else never have seen. They affected his corner of English literature to this extent: bitter lines against the Church originally inserted in "The Task"

were struck out as soon as he saw these Catholics in the flesh. They were, he found, "Fox-ites," but their moderation in party matters was such that in all their interviews the string of politics was never touched. Their friend, a Miss Jekyll, came to the Hall, one of a company of fifteen; "but we had not, all together, so much vivacity and cleverness as she, whose talent at mirth-making has this rare property to recommend it, that nobody suffers by it."

They had a ball up at the great house. "Mrs. Throckmorton, knowing our trim, did not give us the pain of an invitation. And why? as Sternhold says—because, as Hopkins answers, we must have refused it." As compensation, she transcribed sixteen pages of his Homer one morning that week, and the brothers told him: "We compared you this morning with Pope; we read your fourth 'Iliad' and his, and I verily think we shall beat him." More would have passed, but Mrs. Throckmorton had gone to the harpsichord for Cowper's amusement. For his benefit they trimmed their lime walk "so that no cathedral in the world can show an arch of more beauty or magnificence." In January, 1789, he has dined thrice at the Hall, and has "accompanied Mrs. Frog in her chaise to Chicheley"; and from her husband receives a handsome folio edition of the "Iliad" published a year before at Venice; Lord Howard sends him a poem to revise. When his hosts are away, he writes: "I love you and Mr. Frog, and I long for your return." Later: "Tell Mr. Frog how much I am obliged to him for his kind though unsuccessful attempt in my favour at Oxford"—Throckmorton tried to induce the University to support the Homer adventure—"I have read his pamphlet through and through" [subject not specified]; "he writes better and reasons better than anybody, with more candour and sufficiency, consequently with more satisfaction to all his readers except his opponents."

It is one of the major mysteries why Cowper never emerged from his spiritual sadness. Once in a letter he exclaims: "I would I were a Hottentot, or even a Dissenter, so that my views of an hereafter were more comfortable. But such as I am, hope, if it please God, may visit even me. You and I may know each other in that better world, and rejoice in the recital of the terrible things that we endured in this." The pity of it! The sweetest of correspondents, alive with affection, creator of what Lamb called "divine chit-chat," to be hag-ridden by formless fears, rising from the theological

formulae of a long-dead French logician and heresiarch, Calvin.

The outwardly calm, and inwardly blameless, and anyhow useful and worth-while life proceeded; till once again the busybodies asserted themselves—"A report is current in this and the neighbouring counties that though I have given myself the air of declaiming against the Slave Trade in 'The Task,' I am in reality a friend of it." Malignity so gratuitous is almost comic. And meanwhile the gentle creature, as he confides to a friend, is "hunted by spiritual hounds in the night season. . . Though you may think there is much of the imaginary in it, you will not deem it for that reason an evil less to be lamented."

So the delicious pictures of the hearth, the hissing urn, the pet hares, the cups that cheer, the drawn curtains, the piety and the calm classics—were not the whole of this life. There were chimeras dire. Unnecessary ones. The therapeutical treatment of these troubles is hardly known outside the Catholic Church, where, as a matter of fact, they do not so often arise, for they are essentially an exhalation from indefinite, imagined religious phases. Bereaved and lonely, he died sad and in thrall to these vague fears. The Throckmorton had done what they could, as friends. But a remedy must have gone far deeper than they could penetrate. His soul never found the true tempered climate of souls, as to us to-day, humanly speaking, he deserved to do. But the poems and letters, let us be grateful, show only or mainly the health of his nature; and that is why they draw us continually to them when the society of greater writers may not be so welcome for the moment.

But the candour, humour and goodness of the Throckmorton were not without effect on works which influenced English feeling, and influence many a reader still. Insensibly, as we have suggested above, they gave a more pro-Catholic turn to his writing, both in what he composed and in what he suppressed.

W. J. BLYTON.

EDITORIAL NOTE

All contributions submitted to the Editor must be typed and be accompanied by a sufficiently large stamped addressed envelope—stamps (or Post Office coupons from abroad) alone will not suffice. Articles so submitted should be concerned with matters of general interest, and be the fruit of expert knowledge or original research. They should not ordinarily exceed 3,500 words, and must be intended for exclusive publication in the "Month," if accepted. As a general rule, subjects dealing with the exposition of theology and ethics are reserved to the staff.

IN THE CRUCIBLE

AS she watched the white curtains swaying gently in the wind, Sister Helen wished that she could fly through the open window and never return again to this sick-room. She smiled a little grimly. Nurses were not supposed to have moods; they were credited with mysterious immunity from fatigue, strain, or ordinary bad temper. The lawn cap on her head seemed to be tightening into steel; her eyes throbbed, eager for darkness and sleep. It was too long since she had known unbroken rest at night; a few months ago it had been the problem of her mother's operation which kept her awake, seeking desperately for some way of arranging matters. An exceedingly delicate operation which she knew only one man had mastered—a renowned surgeon in Paris. Yet how could she afford his fee?—and the expense of a journey abroad, a nursing-home, and a long convalescence afterwards? In the darkest phase of this problem, Sister Helen was sent to nurse old Mark Brierley, the richest patient she had ever had, and also the most unattractive. She counted the hours until he would pass out of her care; and it was an effort to sustain a professional equanimity when with him. Therefore, it startled her when he had suddenly asked her to become his wife. Fastidious to a degree, she could not contemplate marrying this man; but she had hoped, desperately, that he cared for her enough to help her in her difficulties. Surely, out of his immense wealth, he would spare her a loan, to cover the cost of the operation? Painfully and diffidently she had explained the position to him. His response was as prompt and as blunt as his mentality.

"Money?—if you were to ask me nicely for two or three hundred you'd get it quickly enough. I'm not one to be tight about brass!"

"And would you give me time to pay you back?" she asked him nervously. "Plenty of time?—I could only do it by degrees."

"That's asking a good bit." He spoke sharply, and his thick finger stubbed out his cigar with a vicious stroke. "If you want to do a business deal, there's plenty of money-lenders. Still, I'll make a bargain with you. You can have

the cash, but if it's not paid back in full at the end of three months, you'll marry me. Is it a go?"

"Isn't that rather a hard bargain?" she said pitifully.

He laughed.

"Hard bargaining has got me where I am. You can have the money on my own terms. And, mind, I'll keep you up to them!" And she knew that he would.

She had accepted, and shortly after, the millionaire recovered and her services were dispensed with. And soon, so magically can sordid lucre prevail over difficulties, she found her problem swiftly and smoothly dispelled. The right surgeon performed the operation, and with complete success. Now she could picture her mother convalescing in one of the sunniest nooks in the south of France, safe and happy and sure to be completely well. On the other hand, the three month's respite was swiftly passing, and she had managed to scrape together only some few pounds to meet her inexorable debtor. She was now in charge of another case, an old man called Edersley; and although he was a different type of man from Mark Brierley, his irascible temper made him no less trying to nurse. She was thankful that he had fallen into a doze; it gave her time to relax and to renew her energy for the long night ahead.

Now she sat huddled into her chair, lost in her miserable thoughts until a sound, half groan, half grunt, roused her from her reverie. She rose and went over to the bedside. The old face upon the pillow was more like a mask than a living countenance, save for the eyes which looked up at her keenly and compellingly.

"What did he say about me?"

"Whom do you mean?" She spoke with careful gentleness.

"The doctor, of course!—who else? Why can't women grasp the simplest question?"

"Dr. Lucas never says much, you know," she parried. "And he was in a hurry this morning—the 'flu is keeping his hands full."

"Very clever, Nurse. But you can't put me off like that. This is my exit and I know it." He lay staring at the ceiling; then, when she was about to say some reassuring phrase, he spoke suddenly.

"Shut that door and lock it!"

She stared at him in surprise, then decided to humour him.

"Now—help me up. Look under my pillow—are my keys there?"

"Yes." She placed them in his hand.

"Ah." He fingered them tenderly as if thereby recovering some sense of renewed activity. "Now—take this key and open that cupboard. There's a metal box on the second shelf—bring it here."

She complied. The cupboard held a medley of strange objects, evidently the accumulation of many years, amongst them the metal box; she carried it across to the patient, finding it surprisingly heavy.

"Oak-lined," he explained with a wry smile. "Like a coffin!" The grim jest made him cackle to himself, as he selected the right key and inserted it carefully. The lid swung back, and Sister Helen leaned forward impulsively.

"Now, now, don't pry!" He slammed the lid down and glared. "It's just because you're not one of those spying wretches that I'm doing this." Relenting, he opened the lid again, and carefully raised a soiled chamois inner cover. Sister Helen gasped, for lying there, as if casually dropped, was a glittering mass of jewellery. The old man fumbled amongst it and drew out a pearl necklace.

"How lovely!" she whispered. "These are real pearls, aren't they?"

"Real?—of course they are. And so is all this stuff." He tossed a handful of rings and brooches into her lap. "My wife had a passion for jewellery; but still, she had good taste—those pearls are very well matched." He eyed the necklace thoughtfully.

"These jewels must be worth a small fortune!" she said impulsively.

He shrugged his shoulders, indifferently.

"Well, a rogue of a valet that I had once, pawned that diamond brooch for twenty pounds. I suppose the whole caboodle would fetch hundreds of pounds if I were selling it now. Some people would lose their souls for less!"

"Hundreds of pounds!" She sat still, staring at the glittering gems which represented so much money. If only they were hers how swiftly she would dispose of them and be rid for ever of Mark Brierley! Her patient studied her, smiling grimly to himself. Then he said abruptly:

"It's a nice little haul, don't you think?" And as she made no response. "Here's your chance to get rich quick—finish me off quietly and clear out with the spoils!"

She flushed with anger.

"That isn't very funny, Mr. Edersley. And I'm sure even a professional crook wouldn't get very far with these jewels. You'll have taken care to protect them!"

"Let me tell you something." He shook a yellowing finger at her. "Young lady, if you want to keep a thing safe, don't appear to place any value on it. Who'd think of finding stuff like this thrown into an ordinary cupboard? No one, not even my lawyers, know about these jewels. And they're not insured—I hate insurance companies." He leaned back suddenly spent. "Here—put them back for me and lock the box."

She obeyed in silence. The sparkling stones vanished again beneath their cover, and the box was restored to its place. Then, unable to restrain herself, she said nervously:

"You don't really mean that no one knows about this jewellery? Won't they belong to someone—later?" She paused uncomfortably.

"I am singularly fortunate in one thing—I have outlived all my family," he said pleasantly. He groaned suddenly. "Pain's bad again—can't you do something for me?"

Her professional instinct asserted itself at once. Carefully and precisely she measured the injection, and gave it as gently as she could.

"You don't plug it in like some nurses." He eyed her thoughtfully.

"I try not to hurt you, of course."

"Why? I'm a tiresome old wreck—not even fit for old Lucas to experiment upon!"

"Come, come, Mr. Edersley! You know he's a very good doctor and he is doing his best for you!" She pulled herself up sharply. Why let herself be irritated now, after her prolonged patience during his illness?

"Don't be rattled, young woman. I've hated doctors all my life, and I'm entitled to do it on my deathbed. Why do you stick up for old Lucas, anyway? He's no good to you—he's married!"

Again that infuriating cackle.

"I'm not a marrying woman," she said with forced calmness. "I'm a nurse, and I try to be loyal to the doctor in charge. That's all!"

"Very unusual." He closed his eyes and relapsed into silence. The merciful drug taking effect; soon he would be released for a spell from the pain which could hold him on the rack.

She adjusted the lamp-shade and went back to her chair. It was a relief to relax; to hear no sound but his slow breathing; to be able herself to snatch a little sleep. But somehow sleep would not come. The thoughts which obsessed her beat like angry wings across her mind. "You need money—are you going to be a slave to Mark Brierley all your life?—you need money, money, MONEY!" And now, for the first time, there came a thought which made her start with terror. "*No one knows about these jewels, if he died now in his sleep. . .*"

She sat up, stiff with horror that such a thought had entered her mind. Yet the thought persisted, amplified. "*An overdose—another injection now—that would do it. Dr. Lucas told you the heart might last only a day or two longer—an old man dying in his sleep—nothing suspicious in that!*"

Now she gave up all attempt to rest. The room seemed suffocating; she rose quietly and went out. The servants had long since gone to bed; the house was very still. She crossed the corridor and entered her own room. She moved about the room, moving this, arranging that, conscious of no purpose beyond her own need to get back to saner thoughts. At last she sat down on her bed and reached for her cigarette case. "I shouldn't do this now," she thought dully. "Patients mustn't be left when the heart may give out at any moment."

"*Of course it may give out*"; the terrible, insidious voice had returned. "*All you need do is just to hasten the end—that's not murder!*" She covered her ears desperately, as if this voice came from outside. And now Mark Brierley's face rose vividly before her, and his voice made itself heard again: "*If it's not paid back at the end of three months, you'll marry me. My own terms and, mind, I'll keep you up to them!*" she glanced wildly round the room, and her eyes fell upon her crucifix. "Help me!" she said simply; and slipped to her knees. She tried to say formal prayers but the words would not come; the most she could do was to kneel there with her head resting against those wounded Feet. And at last she found her thoughts growing calmer; and the impulse which had menaced her faded and was no more. She rose, and kissing the nailed Feet in silent gratitude, returned to her patient.

At last the night ended, and the returning light came like a friend into the room. Soon the servants were astir. She was thinking about her breakfast when the old man awoke and eyed her wonderingly.

"I'm still here, then!" he whispered.

"Yes, of course." She smiled kindly at him. "Your throat must be dry—let me get you a drink."

She went over to her little spirit stove and heated the milk with a feeling of sympathy. How trying for this independent man to be reduced to the helplessness and the diet of childhood!

She steadied him on her arm as he sipped a mouthful. Then he drew away irritably.

"That's too lukewarm! Why can't women decide whether a thing is to be hot or cold?"

"I'll make it warmer." She was about to do this when he called her back.

"No, no!—you'll only make it worse." He sipped it, scowling and punctuating his sips with soft, furious grumbles.

She bit her lip. The thoughts that struggled in her mind must not find expression; bitter, futile, resentful thoughts. Why must she work on and on when she was completely tired?—why must she wear herself out tending a cantankerous old creature like this? And suddenly, taking her off her guard, that sly evil voice made itself heard again.

"There's the syringe—the Doctor will not be here until eleven—there is still time for you to do it! This poor old wretch doesn't want to live—why do you hesitate?"

She turned away from the bedside, and left the room abruptly; she must be alone even for a moment, to get a firm grip on herself. Again she went into her own room, and knelt down before her crucifix. "Help me, help me, help me!" The words came like a meaningless babble in which her mind had little part; yet again she felt braced and comforted. After a few moments she rose, and returned to her irascible patient.

"It's a nice thing to bolt off like that!" His voice was shrill with impatience. "What's the use of a nurse if she isn't here when I need her? What about my hot-water bottle?—my pillows are all wrong." He struck them with unexpected vigour.

"I'm very sorry." Outwardly calm, she did all that he wished. But the fatigue of the long night had made her clumsy and slow; she acted mechanically, feeling a strange sense of unreality stealing over her. After she had bathed his face, and spilt water on the eiderdown, she felt she must escape even for a moment from that recitative of complaints.

"You must excuse me for a moment," she said desperately. "The bell is here beside you—but I'll be back before you need me."

He did not deign to answer. She shut the door quietly behind her and again took refuge in her room. The fresh air there came upon her like a blessing, steadying her mind and easing the tension in her forehead. She sponged her face with refreshingly cold water; arranged her hair, and adjusted her cap tidily. Then she knelt down and said her prayers. A knock at the door disturbed her.

"Dr. Lucas on the telephone, Sister."

She went. The Doctor's crisp voice greeted her.

"Is he holding his own? I can't get round till this afternoon. Ring up Dr. Lakeway if you need anything urgently."

She hesitated. Suddenly that evil voice was upon her once more.

"Say that he is weaker!—say you think the heart is giving up—that will make it look all right for you later when—."

"He's better—much better!" She almost screamed the words. "Heart stronger—he's more alert. He should live for some days longer."

"Of course he may. He's got a splendid constitution. Oh—I'm glad to say that I've secured a night nurse. She will relieve you this evening. Can you hold on till then?"

"Certainly, Doctor."

But the evening was several weary hours away. When she returned to the patient's room she found him as annoyed as she expected.

"I heard you on the telephone—who was it?"

"Dr. Lucas. He isn't coming until this afternoon."

"H'm. Just as well, perhaps. I want you to ring up my solicitor, Mr. Broomhill, and say he is to come here this morning. Tell him I'll expect him at twelve. You'll find his number in my notebook here."

"Do you think you are well enough—" she began nervously.

"Don't argue—do what I tell you."

She thought it best to humour him. The message given she returned to her post; she had to read the leader from *The Times* and to listen as intelligently as she could to his comments upon a world which would not concern him much longer. It was a relief when, on the stroke of twelve, the expected Mr. Broomhill made his appearance. A prim, scholarly man, she thought, as she returned his abstracted

greeting. "Please, don't let Mr. Edersley tire himself," she counselled. Her patient laughed ironically.

"Do you think it tires me to lie here?—a new face is a godsend. Here—sit down!"

Mr. Broomhill seated himself beside the bed, and Sister Helen withdrew. The garden looked inviting; she would relax better in the fresh air, and renew her energy for the remaining hours on duty. She chose a sunny patch and seated herself, laying her watch on the seat. After half an hour she would go in and make sure that her patient was not over-fatigued. This precaution, however, proved unnecessary, for before the half-hour had elapsed, she saw the neat, precise outline of Mr. Broomhill departing down the drive. She rose and went indoors.

As she had feared, the interview had taxed his slight strength; he was lying back on his pillows, his eyes staring painfully.

"This pain's unbearable," he said faintly. "I must have more of that stuff—get your syringe."

"No, Mr. Edersley," she said. "I'm sorry. The doctor must see you again before I repeat the injection. I'll ring him up and get him round at once."

"Nonsense!" Some of his natural energy returned fleetingly. "If I say I'm to have it, that's enough. At the worst it's my own funeral, isn't it?"

"It's my responsibility," she reminded him patiently. "I'm sorry—I know the pain is very bad. But I think your medicine will help."

She crossed the room and selected a bottle.

"Oh, confound this woman!" His voice followed her.

She forced a smile. "Now, here's your medicine."

She held the ruby-coloured liquid to his lips. He thrust his hand up suddenly, and the medicine fountained across her white apron on to the floor.

"Take that stuff away—and get out. I'll ring if I need you."

She stood staring down at him. The surge of rage which now rose overwhelmingly within her, made her afraid of what she might do—or say. She looked wildly about the room—her syringe lay on the table, glittering wickedly, seeming to focus all the light upon itself. And again that secret, evil voice came upon her; now so imperative that she half moved towards the syringe, almost held out her hand to take it.

"You fool—do it now! He has asked you to do it! Help

him out of his pain—and save yourself from Mark Brierley!"

Her mind veered within her. She made one last desperate effort to dominate herself; to silence that voice which now seemed less a voice than a tangible Presence, compelling her towards the syringe. "My God, my God, help me!" she said aloud, without realizing it. For, suddenly, she was past all realization; the room was whirling about her, the light came and went bewilderingly, and at last light and sound receded from her.

When the shadows cleared, and consciousness returned, she realized that she was in a hospital bed. Dr. Lucas was bending over her; a little beyond him she noticed the stiff starched outline of a nurse.

"Why am I here?—and Mr. Edersley—is someone with him?" She looked bewildered.

"It's all right, Sister." The Doctor released her wrist. "You've been overdoing it, so now you're here to rest." And as her eyes still questioned him he said gently: "Don't worry about your patient. He is suffering no longer."

"You mean that he is dead?"

"Yes. The day after you collapsed he died—quite suddenly. Of course, you were prepared for it."

She lay staring blankly at the ceiling. Gone for ever was that infernal voice; tempting her to commit a crime; gone, too, the hoard of jewels which had awakened temptation. Her thoughts turned weakly and humbly to God, and it was to Him that she said the faint "thank you" which the doctor heard.

"Don't tire yourself talking," he admonished her. "No visitors, Nurse, until I see her again."

He smiled and withdrew. Sister Helen turned her face to the wall, and drifted back into that strange plane between this world and the next, known only to those who have hovered there. Her recovery was slow and wearisome; she lost count of days and dates, and was so little interested in anything that when a visitor was announced she resented having to make the effort to be civil.

The face was vaguely familiar—where had she seen that prim, scholastic figure before? He cut short her tired speculations:

"Only a short visit, Sister; it will not take me long to tell you some very good news. My name is Broomhill—I represent the firm of solicitors in charge of the late Mr. Edersley's estate."

"Mr. Broomhill? Oh, yes—I telephoned to you. But why have you come to see me?" she inquired.

"For a very pleasant reason." He smiled at her benignly. "Our late client made a will in your favour the day before he died. You may remember I spent some time with him?"

"Yes." She groped in her own thoughts and retrieved that earlier scene. "I tried to persuade him not to see you."

Mr. Broomhill laughed drily.

"Very fortunate that you did not succeed. Now, young lady, I am not going to tire you with details; I just want you to realize that Mr. Edersley made you his sole legatee—you inherit everything. And I may say he was very prosperous indeed!"

She stared at him incredulously.

"Why did he do it?" she said at last.

"Why?"—Mr. Broomhill removed his pince-nez and polished the lens with careful touches. "Well, he gave me to understand that you had shown him great kindness. He pays you a very pretty tribute in his will—I made a note of it as I thought it would give you pleasure to hear it."

He fumbled in his pocket, and took out a wallet; extracting from it a slip of paper.

"Here we are." He read aloud in his dry, precise tone:

"I wish to assure Sister Helen Medway that I realized how severely I tested her, and I congratulate her on coming through with flying colours. I trust that she will find my estate a source of happiness to her; and accept with it my deep appreciation of her kindness to me."

"He *tested* me?" She pondered the words.

"Well, I inferred that Mr. Edersley was somewhat difficult as a patient—as indeed he was as a client." He smiled reminiscently. "Now, I think that's quite enough for to-day. When you are stronger I'll come again."

"Thank you."

He went quietly away. Sister Helen lay still, outwardly composed, inwardly shaken by the news, and by the message from the dead man—a message of which she alone could guess the full meaning.

"He said that people have lost their souls for less," she recalled fearfully. "And—and if God had not helped me—I might have lost my own soul too!"

Her crucifix lay beside her on the table. She raised herself a little, and humbly and brokenly and happily laid her face against the wounded Feet.

ROBERT NOEL MORGAN.

THE WORSHIP OF THE WHOLE MAN

"What God hath made clean, do not thou hold defiled."—Acts xi, 9.

"He censures God who quarrels with the imperfections of man."—Burke, at Bristol, previous to the Election, 1792.

TO those who look for the day which shall see a deeper and a more widespread realization of the vital connexion that exists between liturgical practice and the life of devotion, the increasing concern which Catholics throughout the world are now manifesting in that phase of religion which expresses itself in the arts, cannot but be most pleasing.

One could wish, however, that this growing interest was not so often accompanied by the temper of mind which misrepresents the truth by unduly narrowing its range: too frequently are writers found upholding the shallow convention that sacred art must differ, both intrinsically and in its mode of expression, from secular art. Thus we may observe amongst the advocates of sound liturgical practice some zealots insisting upon the intellectual element in painting, or architecture, or music, and disparaging the emotional, the sensible, in those arts. They will say that *this* form of church building, or *that* form of church music, is more noble or more suitable for the expression of the Christian ideal because it addresses its appeal to the mind rather than to the heart. They will specifically point to a long past age as a time when Christian art attained a high degree of perfection because the emotions were disregarded and the intellect was ministered unto, a perfection which, say they, has become obscured in the intervening years.¹

This notion of the development of the fine arts, with the conception of æsthetics bound up with it, is, to my mind, as neglectful of history as it is opposed to the constitution of man. Fundamentally, it is based upon the convention just mentioned, that the vessel of election which is made the vehicle of eternal truth must needs be unlike, not alone in

¹ An unwillingness to incur the suspicion of dealing in personalities leads me to avoid particularization: there lie before me, as I write, a number of articles which display the viewpoint here deprecated; the careful reader of periodicals in which points of æsthetics are discussed will easily recollect several of them which have recently appeared.

mode, but in very essence, that employed in the utterance of a lower order, and it has made its adherents decree a divorce which has been equally harmful to sacred and secular art. The latter, separated completely from the fountain source, which was at once its original inspiration and the agency which formed its tradition, becomes a barren exercise in technicalities, *vox et praeterea nihil*: it pours out its energies in an interminable succession of works which have little but virtuosity to recommend them. Sacred art, in its turn, suffers from being deprived of the fresh ideas natural to the young and, being left in the charge of a dead or moribund tradition, is expressed in those plastic monstrosities which disfigure so many places of worship, or, in a timid revivalism which seeks, while copying outmoded forms, to supply in meticulous accuracy what it lacks in genuine inspiration. Let someone but try to bring *living* art to the service of God and a chorus of protest at once arises from the traditionalists who are convinced that they are defending the citadel of orthodoxy in the face of a profane attack. This figure is not forced, for it is they themselves who would have their canons of art inscribed upon tablets of stone as doctrines demanding universal adhesion.¹

A careful reading of history, one might suppose, would have shown these purists how little right they have to make this claim. Do those who think the Romanesque style of architecture alone suited to the performance of the Christian Liturgy forget that it was first accommodated in the basilicas of the old Græco-Roman Empire, which Christianity, so to speak, inherited? Do those who profess to find in the Gregorian plainsong alone those qualities which beseem liturgical music, not know that the secular music of the pre-Renaissance age is identical in tonality, in melodic form, and in everything but the use to which it was put, with the Gregorian plainsong? When they counsel a return to the most primitive forms of Christian art do they not realize that the "simplicity" of these primitive forms may well have been due, as E. P. Evans has suggested, "not so much to the inwardness or spirituality of the new religion doctrinally, as to its crudeness and incapacity artistically"?² These early forms of art, however charming and pleasing in their *naïveté*, and,

¹ Cf. Alexandre Cingria, "La Décadence de l'Art Sacré." Paris: à l'Art Catholique, 1930, especially pp. 62-63.

² E. P. Evans, "Animal Symbolism in Ecclesiastical Architecture." New York: Holt, 1898, p. 308.

notwithstanding the respectable position they hold both in history and in modern usage, cannot seriously be offered as a substitute for the work of later artists who brought to a fuller fruition the principles which they faintly foreshadowed.

The theory which, nowadays, some people advance—that the ancients, because they feared to stress the emotional, deliberately avoided the use of devices in music and architecture which we others have always looked upon as the discoveries of later ages—is scarcely worthy of refutation. Such theorists really do as little justice to the ancients as to their modern readers: to hold to the theory of the relation of the intellectual to the sensible which is a necessary corollary of the exclusivist æsthetic is to attack that principle of symbolism which has exerted so large an influence on the spirit of Christian art. More than this, it is to deny the whole idea of sacramentalism and to destroy the nature of a sacrament, for this nature necessarily requires an outward sign: a sacrament must speak to the emotions as well as to the intellect, to the heart as well as to the mind. The temper which would divest religion of sensory appeal and which would confine its ministrations solely to the transmission of those intellectual concepts which speak to the reason alone has little in common with historic Christianity. It is more akin to Calvinism than to the religion which has ever presented the highest truths to man as conditioned by bodily limitations by taking those limitations into account, by presenting divine truth to him in such a way that the very senses, which are the source of greatest peril are at once enraptured in delight and exalted in transmutation. This is the very idea of the Incarnation as expressed in that wonderful Lavabo prayer:

O God, who in a marvellous manner didst create and ennoble man's being, and in a manner still more marvellous didst renew it; grant that through the mystical union of this water and wine we may become companions of the Godhead of Our Lord Jesus Christ, thy Son, even as He vouchsafed to share with us our human nature. . .

God did not reveal His Christ clothed in the limitations of human vesture that we should despise those limitations, but rather that we might be taught to use them aright: that by the use of the best things we can do in our human way we might render praise and honour to Him who willed to have us as we are.

It would not be difficult to adduce from the earthly life of Our Lord many definite applications of this principle; it will suffice to refer to the wonder wrought at Cana, and to the Transfiguration of Our Lord's human body. In the life of the mystical Christ—the Church—the entire liturgical cycle fulfills this principle; the whole concept of sacred drama which forms so notable a part of public worship is an illustration of it; else why those dramatic fictions which, as Canon Parsch has pointed out, place the Christian attending Mass in the position of the unredeemed, seeking, finding, and developing divine life in the progress of the Sacred Action?¹

Catholicism, a natural religion in the sense of being perfectly adaptable to the conditions of mortal existence, has ever shown itself sensible of the fact that God chooses to speak to souls in diverse ways: all forms of sacred art are but vehicles of this speech; none of them can ever express it in its fullness. As John Donne sings:

What Artist now dares boast that he can bring
Heaven hither, or constellate any thing,
So as the influence of those starres may bee
Imprison'd in an Hearbe, or Charme, or Tree,
And doe by touch, all which those stars could doe?²

Not Gothic nor Roman architecture, not the music of the Plainchantists, nor that of Palestrina, or Cherubini, or Mozart, can do more than suggest the ineffable workings of the Spirit. To such as understand the speech of this or that medium, it will speak. Each has its function, and no one ought to deny experiences or capacities which he himself may not share.

God, we know, does not choose that every man walk the same road to salvation: the ideal of perfection is constantly conditioned by circumstance. Christ is the Model, but no one can reproduce Him exactly. In Newman's words, "the actions of saints are not always patterns for us. They are right in them, they would be wrong in others, because an ordinary Christian fulfills one idea, and a saint fulfills another."³ Thus there is no reason to suppose that the music which Gounod, let us say, wrote to liturgical texts may not

¹ Cf. Preface to "Das Jahr des Heiles," 1930. Translated by Dom J. N. MacDonald in *The Placidian*, Vol. VIII, No. 2, pp. 113 sq. (issue of April, 1931).

² John Donne, "First Anniversarie," II, ll. 391—395.

³ J. H. Newman, "The Scope and Nature of University Education," Discourse V.

speak to the soul as powerfully, and in some cases even more intelligibly than the most "authentic" form of the antique chant. Nor have we the right to assume that because a severe style of music has long been in favour in cenobitic establishments that it is thereby incumbent upon every Catholic choir to cast out of its repertory all musical compositions which may be said to appeal to the sensibilities of the hearer. The whole man and each of his senses participates in the public worship of Christianity; the eye in the beauty of ordered motion, the magnificence of liturgical apparel, the soaring column, and the graceful arch; the ear in the appeal of sweet sound, to which the tongue has given voice, *mel in ore, auri melos*; the sense of smell, even, in the fragrant incense and the aroma of flowers; touch and motion in those attitudes and forms of posture which the experience of the ages has found conducive to devotion. Let us not "dehumanize" devotional life. Novalis, when he said "*You touch heaven when you lay your hand on a human body*," was, as Canon Sheehan has pointed out,¹ but re-stating a sentiment which had been clothed in far finer utterance by St. Paul.

No advocate of Christian liberty in these matters would quarrel with the amateurs of the ancient forms of the arts, did they confine themselves to the personal use of what suits them best. But they are not content to do this: in their one-sided zeal, they mistake the particular for the universal, and because of the disdain which they feel for the sensible they would force others to abandon what they, on their side, find most nourishing to their souls.

Yet may we, despite the "exclusivists," believe that

in this mass of nature, there is a set of things that carry in their front, though not in capital letters, yet in stenography and short characters, something of divinity; which, to wiser reasons, serve as luminaries in the abyss of knowledge, and, to judicious beliefs, as scales and roundles to mount the pinnacles and highest pieces of divinity. The severe schools shall never laugh me out of the philosophy of Hermes, that this visible world is but a picture of the invisible, wherein, as in a portrait, things are not truly, but in equivocal shapes, and as they counterfeit some real substance in that invisible fabrick.²

¹ P. A. Sheehan, "The Triumph of Failure." London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne, 1935, p. 131.

² Sir Thomas Browne, "Religio Medici," I, section 12.

Have we not here the verdict of the whole spirit of historic Christianity on the question whether the humanity of man shall be destroyed or transmuted?

God may be worshipped beneath the lofty dome of St. Peter's, under the leafy arches of one of Nature's cathedrals, in one of those ultra-modern structures which in recent years have arisen in parts of Europe, or in some future masterpiece of Indian or Chinese art. If Pugin was serious when he said—"Fancy praying for the conversion of England in that [non-Gothic] cope," he was verging towards the changing of sacramentalism into magic, which subjects the Deity to material conditions. As we will not ascribe to the Divine Creator our human limitations, let us not by an analogous blasphemy attempt to ignore those bounds which He has set for us in making us men. "Des hommes le paganisme faisoit des dieux, et le christianisme rappelle à ceux qui pourroient passer pour des dieux sur la terre, qu'ils ne sont que des hommes."¹ And, as Father Jaime Castiello, S.J., has more recently written: "A true conception of the true nature of man is always a necessary preliminary of faith. In other words, in order to be a Christian, I must first be a man."²

Now, it would not be correct to think that any age possesses a monopoly of this truth: the difference between its expression in the ancient and the modern world is illusory and not real. Human nature has not actually changed: just as do the artists of our own day, those of earlier ages strove and created; the works they have left us were composed with emotion and passion that they might be sung, applauded, admired, perhaps even misunderstood, but certainly not that they might embody ideal intellectual conceptions. However naïve and childlike they may appear to us to-day, we must not forget that the primitives shared the universal artistic urge to develop their art whilst not breaking with tradition; they believed themselves, just as we do, to be on the way to the attainment of perfection. The musicians amongst them translated their sentiments into a musical language which, to their ears, was as expressive as is the musical language of the modern time to ours. Then, as we do now, they sought to express the inexpressible, using what means they found at hand or could forge to fulfil their visions. We, employing

¹ Denis Luc de Frayssinous, "Conférences et Discours Inédits." Paris: Adrien le Clere, 1843, p. 371.

² J. Castiello, "The Psychology of Classical Training," in *Thought*, March, 1936, Vol. X, n. 4, p. 654.

the larger means in painting, in architecture, in music, which are at our disposal, are at unity with our brethren of the past, a unity which is truer than that apparent identity which is the outcome of slavish imitation. *For it is the Spirit which quickeneth.*

Let us not forget that the "Pian Instruction" of 1903—that document which we have grown accustomed to hearing misquoted in the interest of the rigorist—expressly mentions the indubitable fact that the Church has always welcomed to the service of her solemn liturgical rites those things, lovely and of good report, newly unfolded by artists as one age has succeeded to another.¹

While the Christian æsthetic endures there is no danger that sound principles, Catholic canons of art, will ever be forgotten. And while the Catholic Church endures we need have no fear that any more limited æsthetic will ever find long acceptance as a substitute for it: no fragment of the truth will obscure truth itself.

ALASTAIR GUINAN.

¹ Pii X, "Instructio de musica sacra," 1903, II, 5.

Fruition

IS not what plant what soil may need
 The Planter's care?
 If sun or shade
 Import for blossoming?
 Which climate will produce the wealthier meed
 And what each season bear?
 If in sad Autumn or gay Spring,
 In dry or rainy weather should be sown the seed?
 What time will bring
 The early tender blade,
 Sheathed leaf, unfolding flower? and indeed,
 In hope's prevision, when shall there be made
 Glad harvesting?
 Be soil and air
 Thy choice, Lord, my petition
 That there
 Alone, where Thou shalt plant, I reach fruition.

L. QUARLES.

SNAKES

IN the Garden of Eden, the snake got a bad name from which he has never been able to free himself. Let these experiences of a dweller in India serve somewhat to mitigate the burden of his curse.

India is commonly believed to be swarming with snakes. The newcomer expects to find a Cobra dancing behind the door of his bathroom; a Krait—the deadliest of all our snakes—coiled up where the evening “peg” should be, on the arm of his lounge chair; a seven-foot Rat Snake hunting under the rafters above his head, and landing on him as he is trying to sleep; and an extra-size Python swinging head down from a tree over a jungle path, ready to seize and devour him. Life there is supposed to be all hop, skip and jump, sending the District Officer home with shattered nerves every five years, or to the cantonment cemetery, once for all, in less. And the annual figure of 20,000¹ deaths from snake-bite would seem to afford some justification for holding such a belief.

There *are* snakes in India; India would not be the India of boyhood dreams without snakes and a sprinkling of tigers. Yet many a European, unless he happens to be posted to one of the more highly favoured regions, or engaged in the planting business on the hills, may spend a lifetime without ever seeing a snake, except in a zoo where a few skimpy specimens are kept, or when a juggler opens his baskets in the porch of the bungalow, and pours out an odd collection of Cobras and Russell's Vipers (whose fangs have, of course, been removed, and whose lips have also, sometimes, been stitched up for greater safety), a long thin snake like a whiplash and as bright as a streak of flame, and a chocolate-coloured monster with a head as it would seem at both ends. Thereupon the Innocent from Home, in his first fervour or impenetrable foolishness, writes a long account to the daily paper about jugglers and their mysterious ways, and all the amazing things which he, sharp fellow, has been privileged to see, and of which he thinks it his duty not to let the knowledge be hid. And a day later, the old-timer in his bungalow on the Blue

¹ The proportion of 20,000 out of 350,000,000 compares very favourably with the death rate from motor traffic on the roads of England which is about 7,000 annually. India is much safer!

Mountains or Jumbo Hills, overlooking 600 acres of coffee or cardamom, reads the news amusedly as he sips his morning cup of tea.

There are about two dozen species of snakes in the plains south of Madras; and half a dozen kinds on the hills; among these are not counted the Burrowing Snakes, shiny black things variegated with white or yellow spots or blotches, which one digs up in the vegetable garden. Among these hill snakes are Vipers, about two feet long, grass-green or brown; nasty brutes, whose bite gives days of fever and prostration, and fainting fits long afterwards; and the most dreaded of all snakes, the King Cobra or Hamadryad, which attains a length of fifteen feet or more. A record specimen of this species was captured in Malaya in 1936 and sent to the London Zoo; it measures eighteen feet.

In the pages that follow I shall speak of the snakes of the plains; and among them of only such as the ordinary man is acquainted with, and not of the less common species which are known only to the naturalist.

I should perhaps have begun this article by explaining that I have been keenly and actively interested in snakes for over thirty-five years, and have had exceptional opportunities for studying them. How the liking arose it is no more possible to say than how one develops a passion for stamps, or white mice, or rabbits, or match-box labels. I am also interested in mice and rabbits, in their relation to my pet snakes!

I first began to be interested in snakes in 1899 on the Palni Hills, an off-shoot of the Western Ghats, which juts into the plains in the direction of Madura and Dindigul (of cheroot fame). In 1904—1908 I was Assistant Curator in the very fine private museum attached to St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly. In 1909 I spent a few months at Kurseong (near Darjeeling, on the way to Sikkim and Mount Everest), a real paradise for the snake-hunter. In four months, casually strolling along the road or hillside, I recollect picking up forty specimens; there were snakes everywhere for one who had eyes to see them. Among my captures was a small King Cobra, nine feet long, which I stunned by a blow on the back of the head with a thin switch, and carried home alive in triumph. Another remarkable species, of which I captured several specimens, was the Hill Viper, a viper which,

in defiance of name¹ and custom, lays eggs and incubates them.

From 1914 to 1936, after being for a short time Assistant, I took charge of the St. Joseph's College Museum, as Curator; and I could at last indulge in my hobby to my heart's content. News travels apace in India. When it became known that I wanted snakes, and paid handsomely for perfect specimens, *i.e.*, captured alive, without a scratch, fangs and teeth intact, all the snake-catching brotherhood, with whom trade had been slack for many years, directed their energies into this new and profitable line of business. Soon I had snakes enough to stock all the zoos in India. I kept the grandest specimens, those most remarkable for size, colour, markings and temper, and tanned the skins of the remainder. Thus I kept my museum going; the jugglers earned a less precarious living; the country was rid of its surplus population of Cobras and Russell's Vipers; all got their profit and were happy. Hundreds of Cobras and Vipers and dozens of Pythons passed through my hands in the space of those twenty-odd years. I always had a gorgeous collection of picked specimens in my cages; and the fame spread far and wide, attracting many visitors. Among these was a Governor of Madras, who while on an official visit to Trichinopoly, came privately and spent two hours watching the Pythons feed.

My first encounter with a snake, which missed being an accident, was at the end of 1898, when I was climbing with a companion up the rocks in a mountain stream at 6,000 feet altitude on the Palni Hills. To secure my footing I rested my hand on a boulder; and lo! a few inches away was a green Viper, head poised, eyes fixed, and tongue flicking, about to strike at me. The Guardian Angels of fools must have an anxious time; I remember thanking mine for my escape; that fool was not ungrateful.

A few months later was the season for burning the withered jungle grass on the hill-sides. This is done every year by the cow-herds. The ash fertilizes the soil, the old stems are destroyed, and with the coming of rain in March and April the young grass shoots up, soft and juicy. These annual fires are good for the cattle, but decidedly bad for the snakes.

¹ Some snakes lay eggs, and are said to be Oviparous; like the Cobra, Krait, Python, etc. Others are viviparous and bring forth their young alive; hence their name Viper.

Nowadays one seldom sees a snake on the cow tracks, fires have destroyed them. But in those olden days it was no uncommon thing to see them gliding before the smoke and flame, bright as flame themselves, for safety to rocks and hard-beaten paths.

Later, I came across a seven-foot Rat Snake, a great eater of rats and frogs and other vermin, chasing a big lizard; he was chased in his turn, and was brought home in a satchel; and set free a few days later to pursue his lawful avocation.

Then one day, amid a commotion, a ten-foot Python, bulkiest of all our snakes, was brought in, tied from head to tail on a pole, carried by two coolies.

The first thing to learn by one who makes a hobby of snakes is how to catch the snake. You press down the head with a stick, seize him with your fingers at the back of the head just where the neck begins, and then with the other hand hold the tail firmly to prevent the snake from wrapping himself round your hand or arm or body. Much more caution is required in dealing with a five-foot Russell's Viper, armed with fangs half an inch long, which are capable of a sideways stabbing movement. In tackling a Python one must seize the head, and at the same time hold and master the body and tail; for Pythons are powerful snakes, and they have ninety teeth, sharp teeth like needles, all curved backward. It hurts to be bitten by one.

When you have captured your snake and pass your hand down it, you will be struck by the cool, clean, smooth¹ feel of it, as of polished marble. You expected it to be clammy and slimy. No such thing; the snake is the cleanest living thing in all God's creation; it has no pores, does not exude; and when in good condition, it casts off its outer skin once in about six weeks. Then you will be struck by the litheness and suppleness with which it coils itself round wrist, or arm, or neck, or chest; fitting itself to it like a rubber ring, but a ring of which every smallest piece is living muscle, that thins or broadens, relaxes or stiffens, as it adapts or moulds itself to the surface. A Python has 250 or more vertebrae, all articulated on the ball-and-socket system.

The Python is the biggest of our snakes. A good-sized local specimen may be anything up to 12 feet in length and 40 lbs. in weight; two have been brought to me that were

¹ The vast majority of snakes are smooth; a few are rough.

about 14 feet long and weighed 50 lbs. However big such snakes may seem to be to people accustomed to the Grass Snakes of England, they are small when compared with what a Python may grow to. It is known to attain a length of 25 feet and a weight of 200 lbs. I have seen one in the Colombo Zoo (of a species closely allied to our Python, inhabiting the region from Burma to Malaya and the Dutch Indies), whose length is stated to be $27\frac{1}{2}$ feet and its weight 220 lbs. It looked it.

My first real contact with a ten-foot Python was established under the following circumstances. The specimen had been recently caught, and lay in a big cage 4 feet by 4 feet in the College Museum. Familiarity breeds recklessness. Knowing that a bite by a Python is a bite and nothing more, however unpleasant that may be, whereas by a Cobra the bite means a dose of deadly venom and a good chance of a funeral the next day, I opened the cage and put a nest of rats in for the captive's dinner. What happened next came too quick for detailed examination. A head shot forward like a steel spring suddenly released, a tingle of pain ran up my arm, and the door went to with a bang. The Python was back in its corner, coils all astir, tail twitching, tongue flicking, a sharp hiss coming from its pressed lips, on the alert to repel another attack. And meanwhile my hand was under the tap, blood welling out of a number of holes, and flowing down four irregular lines or furrows to the finger tips and to the ground. The reader will understand this description if he thinks of four saws, each of fifteen teeth or so, the saws one-third of an inch apart, drawn with a sudden jerk down the back of his hand. Some of the teeth will catch and make deeper holes, and the hand will be torn roughly in four parallel lines. A little diluted carbolic acid cleansed the wounds; but it took me a week to remove all the teeth that had been left imbedded in the flesh. I counted thirteen teeth in all. I was rather pleased than otherwise with my experience; I now knew what it felt like to be bitten, I knew the worst. It made a nasty mess of one's hand, but so long as the face was not caught by those terrible teeth, no great harm would be done.

What a Python can do in anger or self-defence has been seen; it gives a nasty bite, but nothing to worry about, even when a dozen teeth are left in the hand.

What a Cobra or Russell's Viper can do is quite another matter, as a few instances will show. I once received a big Cobra from an Old Boy of mine, who had bought it from a juggler. Its fangs had been removed, so the juggler said. Now in matters of poisonous snakes, seeing is believing; never believe anything a juggler may tell you. Before parting with his snake the juggler, who was tipsy, played with it and was bitten, a mere scratch from one of the palatine teeth, as he thought. Secure in his belief that the snake had no fangs, he took an extra tot of toddy and went his way. I chloroformed the snake and found that it had one small fang, which had either escaped the knife or had grown in place of the fang which had been cut out. Passing through the same district a week later I inquired about the juggler. He had died during the night after the accident.

One man was bitten under my eyes in my workshop by a Cobra, and was none the worse for the adventure. This incident is worth telling in detail. As the man is still alive, let us call him X.

X was a well-known juggler. In former times there was not an entertainment of any kind held within a hundred miles to which he was not invited. His skill in all matters of sleight-of-hand was almost unbelievable. But what interested me most was the fact that he played with Cobras *whose fangs he never removed*; of that I am certain. He handled them with as little fear and concern as another would handle a coil of rope. I have watched him on a public stage produce a five-foot Cobra out of a blanket; and go on with a card trick while the reptile sat up on a table, fanged, hooded, blowing defiance and fury out of its pressed lips. The performance over, he took the snake by the middle of the body and put it into a small basket.

But X has grown old and shaky and has cataract. Yet he cannot forbear playing with snakes. One day he brought two Cobras in my absence, and dropped them into the cage which already contained four. I asked him to take out the smaller of the two, a straw-coloured specimen four feet long. Two of my expert snake-catchers entered at that moment, and squatted down at a distance out of respect for X, a man of good social standing. X removed the Cobra, and held it by the middle of the body, a dangerous thing to do, and not by the neck or tail. I pointed to a large jar and told him to put the Cobra into it, ready for chloroforming. It would not go in. So holding the snake with his right hand by the middle

of the body, he brought its head on to the table, and with a little wand about a foot long tried to hold the head down in order to be able to seize the snake by the neck. He miscalculated, the snake seized the forefinger of his left hand, and bit hard. Two rivulets of blood trickled down. He made another attempt and succeeded in putting the snake into the jar. Up to now he had shown no emotion.

He looked at his finger, wiped off the blood, then squeezed hard to strengthen the flow of blood. I examined it; there were two punctures, unmistakable, out of which the blood continued to drip. Knowing what Cobra venom is, I went into a panic; the two jugglers meanwhile remained unperturbed. One shook his head and said: "Father, there is nothing to fear. Venom does him no harm." "What are you going to do?" I asked. "Give me water and a bit of rag." He washed the finger carefully, then tied a strip of my handkerchief round it.

I felt by no means reassured; and not wanting to have the police, as I firmly expected, making inquiries in my workshop into the circumstances in which X had died of snake bite, I managed at last to coax the old man to go home. He went as far as the College gate; then impishly came back and sat down. Half an hour after the accident he made up his mind to go. On his way home he stopped at the house of a friend for dinner; the dinner was interrupted by a Cobra strolling about the verandah, another specimen, fanged of course, which X carried in his pocket and had forgotten all about.

To cut a long story short, I chloroformed the Cobra and examined it extra carefully; its fangs and venom glands were intact; the bite was really and truly a good bite with both fangs, deliberately pressed in. My conclusion was: there will be a cremation of my old friend to-morrow morning. I was so convinced of this that I sent my taxidermist early next day to inquire discreetly whether all was well with X. The boy, in some trepidation, went on the errand. As he walked down the street, a voice hailed him from an upper story: "Boy, what do you want?" And the boy, surprised out of all presence of mind at this voice apparently coming from the dead, stammered out: "Please, sir, Father has sent me to inquire whether you are dead." "No, boy, I am fully alive. Go and tell Father that snakes cannot harm me."

An hour later the old man was in my workshop, as large as life, and offered to have me bitten by a Cobra, which he had brought for the purpose; he would then cure me. I

passed the offer on to the taxidermist, as I still set a small, and not exaggerated value, on my skin. The boy's fame would spread everywhere, X told him. But the boy was not a candidate for immortality.

X has been bitten several times without serious consequences. What his secret is I have not been able to learn. I fancy he inoculates himself.

Snake stories, like fish stories, have a way of growing. Later, with the Editor's permission, I shall describe how I made pets of Pythons.

CHARLES LEIGH.

Old and New Year

[A.D. 1936—1937]

DUST and ooze and breath and flame
Mingled ere I man became:
God from Air, Fire, Water, Earth
Built my soul a house for birth.

All those four my fate foretold—
Augurs blunt, austere and bold—
While the sun set, ere the light
Faded into Old Year's Night.

Glass'd in Water—clear to see
Age unlov'd look'd up at me:
Lo! in Air above me far
Homing wings and herding star!

Green Earth with five finger-stones
Pointed deep to skulls and bones:
Fire I camp'd by crackled scorn,
Sigh'd or danc'd for hope forlorn.

Red-gold embers to me show'd
In a Merlin's map my road—
Then I slept. An Old Year sped:
Earth slid: Water flow'd and fled.

Air and Fire were left to build
What abode my spirit will'd:
At a farm-cock's early cry—
Ere the sun arose—rose I.

Ere the New Year woke I went
O'er the hills—at heart content:
Breath of dawn-wind, flame of day
Sped their kinsman on his way.

ARTHUR SHEARLY CRIPPS.

MARRIAGE IN THE MELTING-POT

CARDINAL MANNING, in 1871, surveying the world of his time—a time of domestic and international turbulence, indeed, but in comparison with our own, fairly peaceful—found it in revolt against its Maker; rebelling in intellect by rejecting Christian revelation, in will by rejecting Christian morality, corporatively by secularizing the State, and by active hostility to the Church. These “four great evils”: the revolt of the intellect, the revolt of the will, the revolt of society, the spirit of Antichrist: have grown greater and more malignant during the generations since the Cardinal spoke. Christianity, thank God, has grown as well: the Church has increased in spiritual power and spread God’s Kingdom more widely at home and abroad; but she faces to-day a world-situation resembling that into which she was born, when organized civil society was indifferent or opposed to her teaching, and secular public opinion had no fixed standard of morality. As the condition of the apostate is worse than that of the merely ignorant, so the world to-day which has turned its back on Christianity is in a more desperate state than were the unevangelized heathen.

In nothing is this more clearly shown than in the incessant warfare waged openly or covertly against what is the basis of civil society, the institution of marriage. The Bill to facilitate divorce now before Parliament and the recent debate in the Anglican Convocations about the Report on “The Church and Marriage” have brought the question into especial prominence at the moment, and the Archbishop of Westminster has taken apt occasion in his Lenten Pastoral to recall, with particular reference to “*Casti Connubii*,” the old immutable law of Christian Marriage with its duties, privileges, and safeguards. The public mind in this country, with which we are brought into such constant and intimate contact, is in such a state of laxity and confusion in regard to this and all other ethical questions that it is more than ever necessary for those who have clear, authoritative and logical guidance in matters of morality to exert their influence to prevent the total abandonment of the Christian standards. If they do not, no one else can.

Many have already given up those standards, even while retaining the name of Christian. When civilization was united in the one Faith, the individual was helped to the knowledge and practice of the moral law by the public opinion of the society around him: nowadays, as in the early days of the Church, he has to oppose that public opinion if he wishes to retain his Christianity. Happily, unlike the early Christian, he has for his support the organized power, experience and tradition of the widespread Catholic Church, never so conscious as now of her Divine commission, and of the assistance of the Holy Spirit, and confirmed in this consciousness by the very fierceness and frequency of the world's attacks upon her. If the first Christians were not dismayed by the mortal opposition of embattled heathendom, why should their descendants, engaged in the same war and armed with the same victorious weapons, be less courageous? The moral corruption of the pagan civilizations showed itself especially in the misuse of the institution of marriage, and this was the main cause of their decay. It is for us to repeat, with greater material resources and the support of such a vast cloud of witnesses, the achievement of our ancestors in the Faith and save the faithless world in spite of itself.

When Our Lord, by a few bold and clear dogmatic statements, swept aside the corruptions of Jewish matrimonial practice, asserted the rights of the married woman, and restored the marriage-contract to its original unity and permanency, the first reaction of his astonished disciples was thus naively expressed—"If *that's* the case of a man with his wife, there's no good marrying." Such has been the attitude of unregenerate human nature ever since. The Creator made marriage monogamous and indissoluble, primarily for the benefit of the race as such, thus to secure its perpetuation and its well-being. But fallen man, with his perverted taste for forbidden fruit, rebelled against the ordinance from the beginning, and "the hardness of his heart" in pre-Christian days was such that God, to prevent worse evils, tolerated both polygamy and divorce. Although, later, the Hebrews were not polygamists, the re-promulgation by Our Lord of the primeval law of indissolubility seemed even to His followers to upset their whole social structure: so debased had become their esteem for what in their own law they found described as a holy union, decreed and sanctioned by God Himself. This simple re-statement of the Creator's original plan should

really have shown them that the Redeemer had come at last and was beginning His work of restoring fallen man.

To-day we are witnessing a general relapse into the old and low conception of marriage. Our Lord's lofty teaching was accepted only gradually and reluctantly by the race He came to save. Even amongst the faithful, there has been a constant effort to minimize the scope of His doctrine, and the development of the doctrine of indissolubility in the Church shows what difficulty she had to make it prevail. Not until the Tridentine decree of 1563, confirming the then general teaching, did the absolute indissolubility of consummated marriage between baptized Christians, become strictly an article of faith. Thereafter, no Catholic could admit the lawfulness of divorce *a vinculo*, for thus the Council implicitly declared that the seeming exception mentioned by St. Matthew must be interpreted in such a way as to square with this infallible decision.

This power of authentic exposition of written revelation is the prerogative of the Church instituted by Christ. The inadequacy of Sacred Scripture to be the sole rule of faith is here clearly exhibited. We cannot conceive that the Redeemer, laying down a basic principle of His revelation, would have used language requiring further interpretation without providing an authentic interpreter. The history of the discussion about the precise meaning of Our Lord's words in Matthew v, 32 and xix, 9—the "except for fornication" clauses—shows how vain it is to expect real agreement in matters where opinions may legitimately differ or to maintain agreement if ever reached, without some authority that can speak for the mind of Christ Himself. The uncertainty prevailing outside the Church did, in fact, give the Royal Commission on Divorce, which reported in 1912, a plausible reason for excluding Scriptural evidence altogether. Here we have the melancholy conclusion expressed in the Majority Report, the writers of which, of course, regard the Catholic Church only as one amongst the sects and having no exclusive right to determine the meaning of Scripture :

The result is that we are unable to find any general consensus of Christian opinion which would exclude any of the questions stated above [whether marriage is indissoluble, and if so, for what reasons] from being freely considered. In view of the conflict of opinion which has existed in all ages and in all branches of the Christian

Church among scholars and divines equally qualified to judge and the fact that the State must deal with all its citizens, whether Christian, nominally Christian, or non-Christian, our conclusion is that we must proceed to recommend the Legislature to act upon an unfettered consideration of what is best for the interest of the State, society, and morality, and for that of parties to suits and their families.

It is not easy to see to what other conclusion a body of laymen, deprived of spiritual guidance, debarred by custom, if not by actual unbelief, from considering God's will as a final determinant of right, and presumably ignorant of the nature and effects of a Christian sacrament, could come. The secularization of society and the alleged confusion of Christian teaching had left them no alternative than to give an "unfettered consideration" to what is most "for the interest of the State, society, and morality, and for that of parties to suits and their families"—a purely empirical investigation, with no certain principles to direct it. But the result of trying to found their matrimonial ethics on a basis other than religion is naturally seen in the fact that they have found in "hard cases" rather than in moral principle the grounds for their recommendations. "Hard cases" as a reason for dissolving the marriage-bond have never been admitted by the Church. The words of the Christian marriage service—"for better or worse"—seem meant expressly to exclude them. And, to enable the Catholic to face "the worse," there has been provided the special sacramental grace, conferred by the marriage rite duly administered and available for all who abide in the friendship of God.

By Christ's ordinance, true marriage between the baptized is always a sacrament, although unworthy dispositions may put its graces into abeyance. With the multitude of unbaptized in modern society and the hosts of those who in practice ignore or repudiate their baptism, the modern Christian can easily imagine the moral atmosphere into which the Church was born. Yet it was in the midst of that corrupt society that St. Paul boldly elaborated the Christian code of marriage,¹ and the spirit of self-control that it demands.

¹ One may perhaps object that in that code St. Paul himself admits a "hard case" which justifies divorce and remarriage, by declaring that if one of two married pagans is converted and the other refuses to live peaceably with the convert, the latter is free from the bond. But in this case it is not Christian matrimony but the mere natural contract which the Apostle is inspired by God to proclaim voidable.

Notwithstanding the difficulty of maintaining that Christian standard in a world abandoned to the three concupiscences, maintained it was till it ultimately prevailed, through the unshaken persistence of Christian teaching and the general fidelity of Christian practice. The modern unbeliever, like the pagan, recognizes no right in the Church to legislate for him in this matter, and the secular State which, by abrogating in practice the three commandments regarding God, impairs the protection afforded to men by the rest, has neither the insight nor the ability to secure its own well-being by safeguarding the marriage institution. It must be taught the truth, as were its pagan predecessors, from outside.

Alas that it is not helped but rather hindered in this country by the religious body which is called the Church of the Nation and claims to represent the State in its spiritual aspect. On Catholics alone rests the burden of opposing the suicidal tendencies of a State which is now only partly Christian. There are others who believe like us but on no sure grounds. The faithful who overcame the evil practices of paganism were strong in their unity of belief, but here to-day the majority of Christians have in this matter of marriage-morality gone over to the enemy. It is useless to protest that various Anglican formularies assume or assert the indissolubility of marriage, and that many individual Anglicans and groups maintain the full Catholic doctrine. When occasion offers of condemning those who violate the Christian code, the Anglican authorities are invariably dumb or ambiguous of utterance. If they have right convictions, they lack the courage of them. We have only to consider the debates in Convocation on the Report of the Joint Committees on "The Church and Marriage," and the correspondence which has followed in *The Times* and other papers, to realize how uncertain is the sound of the Anglican trumpet on the doctrine of marriage, and how inadequate to rally men to its defence.

The mischief, however, goes much further back, viz., to the repudiation by the Reformers of the sacramental character of matrimony and the rights of the Church concerning it, which has allowed the civil power to assume the chief voice in its regulation. Even in the Thirty-nine Articles its institution by Christ is denied, and we are bid to consider this great and holy mystery as not a "sacrament of the Gospel," but only at the most as "a state of life allowed in the Scriptures" (Article XXV). But the Catholic tradition, which looked

on indissoluble marriage as the basis of society, still lingered on. And, after the civil power had deprived the English Church of jurisdiction in marriage cases and declared itself competent to annul the contract, divorce *a vinculo* remained at first comparatively rare, not so much because of the rights of God, but because the ready dissolution of marriage was rightly considered to be destructive of family life. The Matrimonial Causes Act of 1857 was itself the logical consequence of the Act of Supremacy, which declared the Crown to be the sole source of jurisdiction in the Church it had set up, and, in spite of the definite breach with tradition which it effected, fewer of the Bishops in the Lords opposed than supported it. They did not, in spite of their own Canons, think marriage indissoluble. And when the Royal Commission, on the Majority Report of which, in 1912, the present Divorce Bill is based, took the evidence of prominent Anglicans, the same attitude was reflected in their testimony. Canon (now Bishop) Hensley Henson thought that Christ's words were "not legislative"; Dean Inge considered that "Our Lord's prohibition of divorce was absolute in form rather than in intention" and that the State might "assume the power of dispensation" in "a few cases besides adultery"; the late Canon Sanday's view was that the condemnation of divorce "expresses a moral ideal rather than a positive rule"; and so on. Finally, in the Resolutions appended to "The Church and Marriage" Report, issued in 1935, the inability of Anglican theologians to *maintain* one clear and consistent doctrine in this matter is once more demonstrated. For instance, little exception can be taken to the first Resolution, which states fairly enough if not fully the traditional Catholic teaching :

That this House affirms that, according to God's will declared by Christ, marriage involves a moral and spiritual bond between one man and one woman, to the exclusion of all others on either side, which is indissoluble save by death.

But, instead of going on to say that *therefore* divorce *a vinculo* for any reason is beyond the competence of any tribunal ecclesiastical or secular, the remaining Resolutions proceed to whittle away this courageous assertion of the permanent and monogamous character of marriage. Resolution 2 allows that, after all, it cannot be decided "beyond all doubt" that Christ Himself did not make one exception. Resolution

3 affirms that, as "many New Testament scholars of the first rank" have held the view that Christ merely declared the ideal, whilst leaving His followers the right to legislate, as Moses did under the previous Law, "this House" takes account of that view: which presumably means that the view is at least tenable. Furthermore, Resolution 5, considering that the marriage-discipline in force in other Churches, such as the Orthodox and the Protestant, has varied widely according to need, claims for the Church of England a similar competence "to enact such a discipline of its own in regard to marriage as may be from time to time most salutary and efficacious." This claim if it has any meaning at all must mean that the Establishment may depart, as freely as those other Churches have, from Our Lord's "ideal." Resolution 6 deals with "the innocent party," whom it declares may marry again without being excommunicated, whilst the guilty is still alive, and this surely implies that the bond has been definitely severed. Finally, Resolution 10 completes the abandonment of the teaching of Resolution 1 by declaring that, provided the Church is allowed to regulate its own attitude in regard to divorced persons, it "should be ready to give unprejudiced consideration to proposals for adding other grounds of divorce to the ground already allowed by the law of England." One cannot surely give "unprejudiced consideration" to the increase of divorce facilities, if one believes that, "according to God's will as declared by Christ," only death can sever the bond of Christian marriage.

But it was Resolution 7, recommending in general that people who married again after divorce should not be *ipso facto* debarred from the sacrament but only if the Bishop, having considered each particular case, should so decide, that brought the whole matter into debate in the Convocations and into the public Press. It would serve no useful purpose to follow the discussion and correspondence in detail. Two Bishops, and two only, in the Canterbury House, argued that, since Christian marriage is indissoluble, divorced people who attempted remarriage, their former partners being alive, were living in adultery and that, therefore, so long as they remained in that state, they could not rightly be admitted to Holy Communion. This was much too definite and uncompromising for the rest of their brethren. One urged that such a ban would be contrary to the *practice* of the Establishment during the last eighty years, and of the great majority of

other Christian communities. Another maintained truly enough that it would affect very many who hitherto had been freely receiving Communion. A third said he "could not condemn to spiritual death those who in great distress of mind had chosen between two evils"—an odd way of describing remarriage—whilst Dr. Barnes asked: "Is admission to the Lord's Table a certificate of moral character?" Finally, headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, they all refused to admit the logical consequences of Anglican belief. In vain did the original mover plead next day for a reconsideration of that formal resolution by which the House committed itself "for the first time in its long history" to the theory that Christian marriage was dissoluble otherwise than by death. "I lay awake," he said plaintively, "in the early hours and asked myself, 'Has the Church of England any principles in this matter? If she has, what are those principles, when Convocation contradicts the teachings of the Prayer Book?' There was no voice to answer me."

Alas, poor man—how many similarly distressed have asked the Anglican Church to define her principles of belief and have met with the same lack of response. The formularies are there: four times in the Prayer Book marriage is declared indissoluble save by death, but ever since 1857 it has been the frequent practice of divorced Anglicans to be married again in church, the Lambeth Conference of 1888 expressly recognizes a just cause for divorce in adultery: a belief that, in spite of the marriage service, is still the most prevalent amongst Protestants.¹ There are bodies like the admirable Mothers' Union² which boasts some 600,000 members, celebrates its golden jubilee this year, and is devoted to upholding the sanctity of marriage and its indissolubility, but even in its ranks the question of divorce has caused division. A section of the Union, called the "Wives' Fellowship," broke off from the main body in 1921 because it considered such

¹ Dr. H. L. Goudge is persuaded that "criticism" has finally decided that Christ intended no exception to the law of indissolubility which He promulgated. But in view of the fact that the bulk of men are not affected by "critical arguments," he seems inclined to delay the enforcement of the ban against remarriage until "with the knowledge we now possess" the doctrine of indissolubility is uniformly taught in the Anglican Church. It is interesting to note that this "doctor in Israel" apparently looks upon the consensus of critics as the ultimate authority in the determination of doctrine and does not seem to see any absurdity in the assumption that previous ages have been left in the dark on this vital point. See *Church Times*, February 12th, p. 150.

² The Church of England Men's Society also seems to stand for the absolute indissolubility of Christian marriage and opposes the present Marriage Reform Act. See *Church Times*, February 5th, p. 146.

subjects as divorce and birth-control "controversial" and objected to being obliged to take sides against those errors.

As members of a "comprehensive" Church which disclaims the necessary knowledge and capacity to teach without error, these ladies were surely within their rights. In vain, it seems, has *The Church Times* lately published much correspondence defending the indissolubility of marriage as authentic Anglican teaching whilst, for the most part, studiously ignoring the patent fact that it is not. The Convocation debates, as we have seen, show that only two of its Bishops are prepared to describe those who "legally" remarry before their former partner's death, as living in adultery. The others would appear to consider the fact that they honestly thought that divorce made them free to remarry regularized their union. They married in good faith, not knowing the truth. But if so, who is responsible for their ignorance of God's law except the non-teaching Church to which they belong?

It is clear, then, that in the endeavour to check modern society in its tendency to adopt a purely secular view of marriage—as a civil contract legalized by the State and dissolvable under certain conditions by State action—our Protestant friends are not very valuable allies. Their domestic dissensions not only prevent them from maintaining the Christian teaching, but also provide a plausible opportunity for the secularist to ignore it. He is ready enough in any case to resent the interference of religion with mundane concerns, even when religion delivers a consistent and intelligible message, but when the message that reaches him is confused and contradictory, he feels justified in exclaiming—"If these professing Christians cannot themselves agree as to what is Christian doctrine, why should they try to enforce their views on outsiders?" We know that his resentment is wrong, for even apart from God's ordinance, the Christian doctrine regarding the sanctity and stability of marriage is all for the benefit of the State, and that the more exceptions there are the more they tend to become the rule, to the detriment of social well-being. But the secularist, obsessed by his individual "hard-cases," is blind to the less close but greater interests of the whole, and, in spite of ominous statistics, persists in his attempts to undermine still further the foundations of civilization.

More and more shameless become the pleas for emancipation, not only from the marriage-bond, but from the moral law

itself, which issue in book and paper from the Press. It may be that their influence is so far not very widespread, but when we consider that one of the most "advanced" assailants of matrimony, the Finnish anthropologist Westermarck, was professor of sociology in London University from 1907 to 1930, and that he is only one of a host of anti-Christians in similar positions, we cannot wonder that our sensational secular Press is full of echoes of their teaching. Westermarck in his latest book boldly prophesies the end of marriage. "The divorce-laws," he writes, "of the different Western countries will, no doubt, always vary in details, but I think I may safely predict that divorce by mutual consent will, sooner or later, be generally recognized by them. . . . The arguments in favour of it seem unanswerable."¹

No doubt they are, to the natural man in whom, as St. Paul tells us, spiritual discernment has become atrophied. But the example of Russia, recoiling from the abyss to which "divorce by mutual consent" was obviously leading her, should give our godless dogmatists pause, whilst the growth of divorce in every country which permits it is so marked and steady that all Christians should view the future with alarm. Whitaker tells us that in this island divorces (and annulments) have risen from 827 in 1913 to 9,510 in 1934; and now number 25 per 1,000 marriages. In the United States, where the grounds for divorce are numerous, the proportion is 156 per 1,000. If the present Bill, which seeks to add three more reasons for severing the bond, passes, we may expect still greater recklessness in entering the marriage-state and greater numbers of ruined homes.

The two Catholic-minded Bishops have called on their Anglican followers to rally to the support of the "Marriage Defence Council." But from her earliest days the Catholic Church has effectively sustained that role, because she alone has always regarded that great sacrament as typical of her own union with her Founder, and as being as important in its own way as is the Sacrament of Holy Orders, for her continued existence. Wherever she is strong, family life flourishes and the State is preserved from one chief enemy of its own stability, the unbridled animal passions of man.

JOSEPH KEATING.

¹ "The Future of Marriage in Western Civilization," quoted in *America*, February 6, 1937, p. 414.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

THE MIRACLE MAN OF MONTREAL

RARELY has the death of a Montreal citizen been felt more profoundly or more strikingly mourned than that of Brother André of the Shrine of St. Joseph, attached to the College of St. Laurent, which occurred on the Epiphany of this year. In the few days between his death and burial more than half a million people, representative of all classes of the community, and the highest dignitaries of Church and State, publicly manifested the high esteem in which the simple, almost illiterate Laybrother was held, while the most touching of tributes were received from those all over the country who had, through means of his prayers, been benefited, physically or spiritually.

For not only had Brother André been long regarded as a veritable institution in Canada's metropolis, intimately known to and revered by his fellow-citizens, but he was also recognized by his ecclesiastical superiors as one whose prayers had especial efficacy. To this was due his immense vogue throughout the continent as a favoured intermediary with St. Joseph. By the death of the holy Laybrother at the age of ninety-one, Montreal has lost a venerable citizen, the Church a supremely favoured member, and thousands over the face of America, a valued friend and counsellor.

On the verdant slopes of Mount Royal overlooking the city to which it gives its name, there stands nearing completion an immense basilica which in a very literal sense supersedes the little Oratory of St. Joseph, the wooden structure 15 by 18 feet, that Brother André had himself erected in 1904. The fame of his holiness and of the wonders worked through his intercession has been the cause of this particular wonder. Who was Brother André?

It is difficult to conceive of a humbler beginning for one whose funeral was like that of a great monarch, or a sadder childhood for one the bulk of whose years were to be spent in widely scattering joy. Brother André was one of eleven children, the family of a wheelwright in the village of St. Gregoire d'Iberville, Quebec. The father, one Bisette, unable to make a living at his trade, became a day labourer and the home into which his son Alfred was born in August, 1845 was one of great poverty. From his birth the boy suffered from weakness of digestion—a "thorn of the flesh" which, though it may not have shortened his days, filled them with constant discomfort and pain, and prevented him from anything like continuous employment and ordinary education.

When he was only five years old his father died and, as is the traditional practice in French Canada when a family is left without support, the children were divided up among relatives. Alfred went to an uncle at St. Cesaire de Rouville in the same province of Quebec. Too ill to be sent to school, he worked in the fields when he was able, which was not often. His mother died when he was ten years old.

As he got older, he tried to learn the trade of a shoemaker, but he found he could not stand work indoors and had to abandon it. About this time the local Curé became interested in him, took him to the rectory to do odd jobs, and a real friendship developed between the two. Although Alfred could not read or write, yet contact with the priest was a real cultural and spiritual influence. Also, he was able to save enough money to emigrate to the United States, but he got no further south than Plainfield, a town in Connecticut, where he secured employment in a cotton mill. He remained there for no great length of time, as he had not the stamina for steady work, but he became fond of the picturesque surroundings of the town and was wont to revisit it periodically in his after years when allowed to enjoy a brief holiday. When his health completely broke down, he returned to St. Cesaire.

Approaching manhood, Bisette began to have leanings towards the religious life. His friend the Curé encouraged him, though he must have realized how greatly handicapped young Alfred was by his physical disabilities and his illiteracy. However, a chance did seem to present itself when a commercial college was established in the neighbourhood by the Congregation of the Holy Cross. Bisette's first application to enter the order was refused, but he persisted and was finally accepted in 1870. He was sent to the St. Laurent College at Montreal and, after his novice-ship, was given the name of André. As a Laybrother his main work was domestic, and presently he was appointed porter and hairdresser to the students. One recalls that a Laybrother of the Society of Jesus, St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, attained sanctity in the life-long discharge of the former office.

What first attracted attention to the little brother was the evident joy he displayed in the performance of his menial tasks. Though still continuously suffering in body, he seemed to radiate contentment and happiness and had at all times an encouraging word for everybody. More and more, both parents and boys came to know and admire him, and to talk to him outside the college. His diet of bread and water, his simple piety, his many small charities impressed all. People began to consult him on their problems and gradually, almost imperceptibly, this practice increased. His advice was simple and always the same—to make a novena to St. Joseph, his patron saint—while he promised to intercede with the saint himself on their behalf.

The sick and afflicted came in increasing numbers to the college

to speak with Brother André, while the porter's lodge was at any hour of the day thronged with people of all kinds with every nature of request to make. People told their friends of the assistance they had received from the brother and the news spread ever more widely. Then some quite remarkable cures were announced by pilgrims, and Brother André's reputation extended from Montreal to other parts of Canada and over to the United States, bringing to the College entrance an ever-swelling host of clients.

Finally the host of petitioners and pilgrims became so large as to present a considerable problem to Brother André's superiors. At the same time, perhaps not unnaturally, pressure was brought to bear upon them by certain influential Catholics who feared, in the lack of any official recognition and regulation, the possibility of ridicule being brought upon the Church as the result of the ministrations of this untutored Laybrother. While Brother André himself continued placidly on his saintly way, supremely indifferent to the issue, a controversy raged about him, as his numerous friends rallied to his support. Finally, an organized protest was delivered to the Archbishop of Montreal, to which formal attention was given but on which no action was taken. Protests were next made to the Board of Health, on the score that the well-being of the students was endangered by the visits of the sick to the brother, but these protests were ignored. With the situation thus tense, a solution was happily found by the College authorities in permitting Brother André, out of the fees which he had earned as barber, and the gifts made to him by grateful clients, to erect a small shrine to St. Joseph at some distance from the College. This little structure, put up by the Brother himself, cost, we are told, £40; the present basilica will probably cost a million! The original chapel was formally dedicated by the Vicar-General of Montreal in 1904, and in 1905 organized pilgrimages began.

At first these pilgrimages consisted of small groups of pious people from various parts of Montreal. They grew in number and size, and processions of men and women from the outskirts wending their way through the streets of the city became a familiar sight. Later pilgrimages of ever greater size came from all over Canada and the United States, and many cures were reported, in addition to the innumerable spiritual favours received. Until 1909 Brother André continued as porter of the College, dissuading the superiors who would have relieved him of this work. He left his menial duties to mingle with the pilgrimages which his repute had drawn from distant places, kneeling in his simple black porter's gown before the statue of St. Joseph, the humblest pilgrim there.

In 1915 it was decided by the Montreal ecclesiastical authorities that nothing short of a church of cathedral dimensions could accommodate the multitudes of visiting pilgrims, and happily the multitude of their grateful donations made the project possible. The work was begun as soon as war-conditions allowed; it has

continued with brief interruptions ever since, and the end is now in sight. The frequency of cures reported and the continual growth in the number of pilgrimages have won for the shrine the popular name of the "Canadian Lourdes," although there are few other points of resemblance, and Brother André, for all his repudiation of honour due to his great Patron, could not escape being called "The Miracle Man of Montreal." Daily throughout the year people can be seen climbing the many steps to the Oratory to present their petitions to St. Joseph, while in the summer time the number swells to thousands. During the greater pilgrimages a long mile of communicants may be seen kneeling on the hillside leading to the church.

In 1935, the last year for which a complete report is available, over 500,000 persons visited the St. Joseph's shrine, while 193,646 letters, asking various favours, were received at the Oratory office where a staff of secretaries is required to deal with them. Some 200 pilgrimages were organized from within the city and from outside which brought 70,000 persons, while 75 organizations organized visits to the shrine to be made on foot, which brought 30,000 persons. Some 4,000 Masses were celebrated and 147,000 communions distributed. Thanksgivings for various graces totalled 11,066 and for cures from illnesses and deformities, 1,977.

All this—the vast ecclesiastical pile, the elaborate, colourful ceremonies, the crowds of petitioning faithful from all parts of America—has thus arisen from the piety and devotion, the potency of the spiritual intercession, of a frail son of rural Quebec, born and raised in poverty and obscurity, who never acquired any of the erudition and accomplishments on which the world sets such store, who became the humblest of God's servants as a Laybrother in a religious order, and remained the same simple, lovable figure, unspoilt and unchanged, when hundreds of thousands sought the power of his mediation with his Patron each year and millions acclaimed his virtue. Contrasted with the values of the world in which we have to live and the difficulty in avoiding becoming to at least some degree tinged with materialism the life story of Brother André is amazing. We trust that it may soon be told in detail: only in the more glorious pages of hagiology are we likely to find its parallel.

It cannot surely be doubted that the prayers of Our Lord's Foster-Father will still respond to the faith of thronging pilgrimages to his shrine. Brother André's work and inspiration will not pass with his own translation to a larger life, and the people of Montreal may reasonably hope that their city may come in future to rank in devout minds everywhere with Lourdes, Assisi, Loyola and Siena.

E. L. CHICANOT.

A MEDIEVAL PREACHER IN BREWOOD.

THERE must be many, like myself, who are grateful to Mr. Gillett for his notes on "Historic Brewood" in the February issue of *THE MONTH*. He speaks mainly of the post-Reformation town, which has preserved so many relics of pre-Reformation Catholic England. Of medieval Brewood he has less to say. "As a royal preserve in Norman times, Brewood became a place apart. . . . Inasmuch as it was, parochially, a 'peculiar' of the Deanery of Lichfield, it was exempt even from the Archidiaconal visitation." It is of this medieval Brewood, with its own forest-courts and assizes, directly subject to the Deans of Lichfield, standing apart from the many troubles of fourteenth-century England—the England of Langland and Chaucer—that I wish to add a few notes, by way of supplement to Mr. Gillett's article.

The Deans of Lichfield were men of mark in medieval England, for the united dioceses of Lichfield, Coventry and Chester formed one of the largest ecclesiastical territories in the whole country. A Dean of Lichfield was usually a man of distinction, on the road to higher things. In the generation before the Black Death, three Deans of Lichfield became Archbishops, two of them Archbishops of Armagh, the third Archbishop of York. This last was John Thoresby, author of "Thoresby's Catechism"—one of our most important documents for the history of medieval preaching in England. Thoresby's immediate predecessor at Lichfield was Richard FitzRalph, the future Archbishop of Armagh, whose London sermons against the friars in 1356–57 made such a stir in the days when Langland was a young man, newly come to London from the Malvern Hills, whilst Chaucer was still a city youngster in his 'teens. But FitzRalph had been a noted preacher for more than twenty years before that date, and he has left us a sermon-diary of his years as Dean of Lichfield and Archbishop of Armagh which brings us directly into contact with this lost medieval world.

FitzRalph was Dean of Lichfield from 1335 to 1345. Of his first year as Dean we have no more than a few records in the Acts Book of the Lichfield Chapter, now Ashmole MS. 794. These records show that FitzRalph was a man of action, who played a notable part in the building of the great cathedral, bringing down the King's architect, William Ramessey, from Westminster to advise the Chapter on a difficult problem in the planning of that noble edifice. Then came a dispute with one of Edward III's young clerks, who was trying to force himself into a prebend which was claimed by the Lichfield Chapter. The Dean stood firm, the clerk appealed to the Archbishop of Canterbury; FitzRalph found himself suddenly under sentence of excommunication in the Court of Canterbury, and appealed in turn to the Pope at Avignon. Seven years of constant litigation followed, in which FitzRalph

claims to have fought and won no less than fourteen appeals and counter-appeals; and in 1344 he came back, victorious, to Lichfield. The Chapter's claim to the prebend had been maintained, and the Dean had acquired an immense reputation, not merely as a persevering litigant, but also as a preacher of great distinction, who had preached more than once (in Latin) in the private chapels of Benedict XII and Clement VI, as well as at various special functions of the Court at Avignon. These sermons have come down to us in full, and they show FitzRalph to have been a preacher who was not afraid to speak out plainly on the abuses, even of a papal court, in the presence of Pope and Cardinals.

It was thus a man of note who came to Brewood in 1345 and 1346. For FitzRalph took up his active duties as Dean of Lichfield after his return in 1344. In the last sermon which he preached to the papal court at Avignon in the summer of 1344, he speaks of his desire to get away from all this endless litigation, and to go back to the duties of a "devout preacher" (*devoti predicatoris*), which he felt to be his special vocation. The sermon-diary which he kept, almost without interruption, from the Advent of 1344 to the Lent of 1357, is thus the record of a man's work in an office for which he had a personal predilection. Most of the sermons recorded in the diary are notes of sermons which he preached at Lichfield, in the cathedral or in some of the other churches of the town. But he visited two of his "peculiaris"—Cannock and Brewood; and we have notes of the sermons which he preached there, the notes being in Latin though the sermons are recorded as having been preached *ad populum in vulgari*.

FitzRalph's first recorded visit to Brewood was in the autumn of 1345. Presumably he was on his official visitation, and he chose Sunday, October 9, the feast of St. Denis, for his official sermon. The sermon is recorded as having been preached in Brewood (*apud Brewode*) on the second Sunday after the feast of St. Michael, on the feast of St. Denis. The Dean took as his text the words of the Gospel for the Sunday: *Beati qui nunc fletis quia ridebitis*. He began by reminding his hearers that Christ, our Lord and Master, had set him an example by preaching to the multitude: *docebat multitudinem turbæ indoctæ et rudes*. As He had once come down from the mountain and stood on the plain to teach the multitude, so the Dean proclaims his duty as a preacher, to teach the simple in simple language: *grossa atque humilia, non alta atque subtilia turbas, sc. communem populum qualis hic hodie congregatur docere debemus*. Then, following the usual medieval custom, he invites the people to join with him in prayer that he may be granted grace to teach, and they to understand. The prayer was usually a *Pater* or an *Ave*, said in public by preacher and people together. Here the Dean asks the people to join with him in both *Pater* and *Ave* in honour of the Most Glorious Virgin,

who is our patron and the patron of this church. Mr. Gillett has shown how deeply rooted devotion to Our Lady must have been in medieval Brewood. Here we can see that devotion in one of its most familiar acts.

The sermon-notes for this occasion are given at some length. The Dean thought it worth while to remind the people, in some detail, that the many trials and sorrows of this life are the sure warrant of future bliss; and he told them the story of the passion of St. Denis in illustration of his doctrine. In the later sermons of his diary, when FitzRalph has come to be more confident of his powers as a popular preacher, we get many vivid, local allusions that make his diary a most interesting commentary on the medieval life of his times. But in these early sermons there is less of this topical matter, and the notes are confined to general statements of doctrine and exhortations to piety. Here we miss what might have been a singularly valuable document—the practical instructions of a preacher, speaking to a country community on the eve of the Great Plague, taking for his texts the sorrows of this world. No doubt the simple folk of Brewood were much consoled by the preacher's promises of future happiness. "Eye hath not seen nor hath ear heard" . . . the sermon ends as many another sermon on the same theme has ended in the past six hundred years.

A few months later FitzRalph was back in Brewood, this time at mid-Lent; and the sermon-diary records a sermon preached on Lætare Sunday, March 26, 1346. *Lætare sterilis quæ non parit*: the Dean begins by explaining to the people why this Sunday has been set apart as a brief interlude of rejoicing in the middle of the season for fasting and penance, and why this Sunday is known as *Dominica Lætitiæ*. We need a day of repose in the middle of so long a fast, and we need also a day of thanksgiving for the graces which have been granted us in the first weeks of Lent. *Lætabitur iustus in Domino*: our joy will be in proportion to the faithful service we have rendered. And the Dean uses the Gospel of the day to remind his hearers that the same Lord, who once fed five thousand from a few loaves, feeds us daily with the graces of His sacraments and the bread of His sacred doctrine as taught to us by His preachers. The sermon ends once more with words of encouragement. We may be barren and without comfort in this world, but we shall have an exceeding great reward in heaven. Plainly the Dean of Lichfield felt that the simple folk of Brewood had few indeed of this world's comforts. Mr. Gillett has reminded us how abundantly God rewarded them with the comforts of His grace.

AUBREY GWYNN.

II. OUR CONTEMPORARIES

- CATHOLIC GAZETTE: Feb., 1937. **What is Dialectical Materialism?**, by Dr. John Garvin. [A clear analysis of the Marxian endeavour to find a philosophy in mere materialism.]
- CATHOLIC WORLD: Feb., 1937. **Who Wants War?**, by the Editor. [Chief cause is assertion of racial superiority and denial of human solidarity.]
- CHRISTIAN FRONT: Feb., 1937. **Bankers or Dictators**, by R. Deverall. [A discriminating analysis of the Banking System showing its need of control.]
- EASTERN CHURCHES QUARTERLY: Jan., 1937. **The Orthodox and Anglican Orders. I.**, by Dom Bede Winslow. [Rumanian Church shows itself unaware of the absence of the *sacerdotium* in Anglicanism.]
- ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW: Feb., 1937. **Sane Internationalism and Christian Morality**, by Dr. Donald McLean. [The Peace of the World is based on recognition of human solidarity and the divine law.]
- HOMILETIC AND PASTORAL REVIEW: Feb., 1937. **Morality of Profit System**, by Dr. Charles Bruehl. [Desire of gain not to be suppressed but regulated.]
- IRISH ECCLESIASTICAL RECORD: Feb., 1937. **The Catholic View of History**, by Rev. J. Johnson. [A clear *aperçu* of the result of man's ignoring the Fall and the Redemption and the next Life.]
- IRISH ROSARY: Feb., 1937. **St. Paul's Inner Warfare**, by M. F. Egan, S.J. [An estimate of the Apostle's "growth in holiness" as described by himself.]
- NOUVELLE REVUE THÉOLOGIQUE: Feb., 1937. **Romans dangereux et ministère pastoral**, by F. Papillon, S.J. [A timely exposition of our moral responsibility in the choice of reading: almost as necessary here as in France, where three out of every five novels are to be reckoned salacious.]
- REVUE APOLOGÉTIQUE: Dec., 1936. **Jésus et Marie**, by J. Renié, S.M. [Criticism of M. Mauriac's "Vie de Jésus," showing him at fault in his estimate of the relations between Christ and His Mother.]
- SIGN: Jan., 1937. **They had to Revolt**, by Owen Maguire. [A clear account of the Red misgovernment which justified the uprising of the Right.] Feb., 1937. **Liberty under Communism**, by Mgr. F. J. Sheen. [A trenchant exposure of the camouflaged despotism which is communist practice.]
- TABLET: Feb. 20, 1937. **Six Churchmen in Spain**. [Apt comments upon a recent short visit of six Protestant clergymen to Valencia and Barcelona.]
- UNIVERSE: Feb. 19, 1937. **A New Marxist Army**. [Editorial dwelling on the portent of the "Left Book Club" and the need of a similar counter-movement.]

REVIEWS

I—MR. NOYES AND VOLTAIRE¹

MR. NOYES has read and studied the whole hundred or so of Voltaire's works; that alone were no inconsiderable achievement. One result is a remarkable biography which commends itself not only by the skilful handling of his subject's career and writings but also by the vivid and excellent style which we expect from so distinguished an author. It is a work that must be taken seriously by all future writers on the theme; and I imagine that they will have to treat it with greater respect than Mr. Noyes accords—and apparently not without reason—to Voltaire's previous biographers. There is one danger however which attends upon those who hold long converse with one subject of biography, that of over-estimating the contribution of that subject to letters or to history: and, as far at least as Voltaire's dramatic works are concerned, Mr. Noyes has not altogether escaped that danger.

The work is biography with a purpose and with a very definite one at that. It is an attempt to rehabilitate Voltaire, to rescue him from the evil repute and the name of atheist which he has had to bear so long. Mr. Noyes is anxious to show us his better and incidentally his "Christian" side. He succeeds in portraying the young scholar of the college of Louis le Grand who retains an affectionate memory of his Jesuit masters and sends a copy of his "Henriade" to Père Porée with the request that he may be told if there is anything in it objectionable on religious grounds, for he desires approval "not only as an author, but as a Christian"; the older writer who preaches kindness towards others and hatred of cruel and senseless war; the philosopher of Ferney ready to throw his resources and his skill upon the side of the oppressed and harshly treated. He inveighs against the assumption that every female association of Voltaire must have been of an unpleasant nature and gives probably a truer picture of the life at Cirey than has been previously allowed. His description of the final illness and the death-bed scene is human and convincing. But his *sarva indignatio* towards the system to which Voltaire was opposed and towards earlier biographers is carried to excess: the book would have been shorter and better for the omission of some of its "wrangling" passages. He is right in speaking with scorn of characters like the valet Longchamp and Madame Grafigny; but his fury is a little forced in the case of Adrienne Lecouvreur. The

¹ *Voltaire*. By Alfred Noyes. London: Sheed & Ward. Pp. 646. Price, 12s. 6d. 1936.

refusal of Christian burial to her remains may appear to us harsh; but serious canonical difficulties are raised when a woman turns at the end to her lover's portrait and exclaims: "There is all my world, my hope, and my God."

Mr. Noyes is less successful in his theme that Voltaire was at heart a good Christian. The famous phrase "*Écrasez l'Infame*" he shows indeed from the letters to have been directed, not against religion but superstition. But as in the same letter we read that "*l'Infame*" must be reduced "to the condition in which it exists in England," it is hard not to see in it also a reference to the Church in France. That he asserts his belief in God, particularly in the letters, is clear; and we would not quarrel with Mr. Noyes in the statement that he was more than a Deist. His epistles to Pope Benedict XIV are pleasant and correct; but it must be remembered that in that correspondence he was seeking a means of confounding his enemies in Paris and securing his election to the Academy. But there is little that is specifically Catholic in his writings. He can insist that "I was born a Frenchman and a Catholic; and it is in a Protestant country that I testify my zeal for my native land, and my profound respect for the religion in which I was born, and for those who are at the head of that religion." But for all that he had scant respect for the ministers of that religion (even their personal unfitness is no complete excuse for that) and seems to have had little understanding of beliefs that are of the very essence of Christianity. Mr. Noyes admits that, although he more than once spoke of the God who became man, the doctrine of the Incarnation was, for the most part, inconceivable to him, and—as the common folk took it—an absurdity.

The best that could be said of him—and Mr. Noyes has emphasized and underlined it with much vigour—is that he had a natural belief in God and sympathy with victims of injustice. The fact that he was destined to become the patron-prophet of rationalist and atheist may imply a hidden affinity between him and themselves and suggest that even this best, as far as God and religion are concerned, might need to be modified.

J.M.

2—AN ANCIENT HERESY¹

WHATEVER comes from the pen of Père d'Alès is marked by fine scholarship and sound judgment. The little volume which he has lately published on Priscillian is no exception. Until recently our documentation on this heresy was somewhat scanty. An account drawn up by the Spanish priest Orosius for the benefit of St. Augustine and a letter from St. Leo to Bishop Turribius of

¹ *Priscillien et l'Espagne Chrétienne à la Fin du IV^e Siècle*. By Adhémar d'Alès, S.J. Paris: Beauchesne. Pp. 188. Price, 12.00 fr. 1936.

Astorza supplied us with information as to its character; but we were without any writings from Priscillianist sources. In 1885 G. Schepps unearthed a manuscript at Würzburg containing eleven treatises composed in the interest of the sect. These he held to be indubitably the work of its founder: and they appeared as *Priscilliani opera* in the Vienna corpus of Latin ecclesiastical writers. Shortly afterwards, Dom G. Morin made yet further discoveries. Since that time there has been much discussion on the subject, largely occasioned by a book by M. Ch. Babut, a rationalist scholar, who went so far as to represent Priscillian as a defender of true interior religion done to death by ecclesiastical formalists. Père d'Alès sums up the result of these debates: and his conclusions will, we think, be accepted as final. He establishes that the author of the Würzburg treatises was not Priscillian, but his adherent and companion, the Bishop Instantius. The doctrine of the sect, as it appears from these writings, differed fundamentally from Christian belief on almost every point, and resembled the Gnostic systems of the second century. The Manichæism, with which its contemporaries reproached it, does not appear clearly. But it was antagonistic to marriage, which is a fairly sure indication of Manichæan tendencies. Moreover, the Priscillianists regarded themselves as a body of the elect whose salvation was assured, and who could afford to disregard the authority of bishops. The heresy caused grave trouble in Spain during the fifth and sixth centuries, but appears to have been finally extirpated by the Council of Braga in 563 A.D. We may mention in conclusion that the verse relating to the Three Witnesses (1 Jn. v, 7) is first found, though in an unorthodox form, in the writings of Instantius. Père d'Alès agrees with those who hold that it was originally a Priscillianist gloss, and that after emendation it passed into the text of the Vulgate in the fifth century.

G.H.J.

3—THE "DICTIONNAIRE DE SPIRITUALITÉ"¹

WE may congratulate the editors of this very useful work on having completed the letter B and on terminating therewith the first volume, which counts 2,000 columns in all. What first strikes the reviewer on turning over the pages of this new fascicule is that a preponderating amount of space is devoted to two articles the one on St. Bonaventure, the other on "Spiritual Biographies." With regard to the former, which is unquestionably very thorough, and is equipped with an astounding number of references, one is tempted to ask oneself whether in these eighty-eight columns, run-

¹ *Dictionnaire de Spiritualité*, Fascicule VI. Edited by M. Viller, S.J. Paris: Beauchesne. Cols. 400. Price, 30.00 fr. 1936.

ning to close on 50,000 words, the Reverend authors, Fathers E. Longpré, O.F.M., and C. Fischer, O.F.M., have not a little overestimated the importance of St. Bonaventure as an ascetical teacher and his influence upon the spiritual life of the Church as a whole. Of course he wrote a great deal, but is there evidence that, apart from some of his minor works, he has been very much read or considered in later times? The other long article which includes contributions from three or four different authors is in itself most interesting and useful. We could have wished it even longer, especially if this enlargement had introduced some little discrimination between the saints' lives mentioned, giving a clear or approximate idea of their character and value. No doubt this is to some extent done in the present article, but the process might have been carried considerably further. In a good many cases we have a list of biographies all heaped together but in themselves very different both in reliability and in treatment. We are glad to see attention drawn to the Greek account of St. Porphyrius, but there are others amongst his contemporaries whom we miss, for example, St. Euphrasia or Eupraxia. Writing here in England one naturally turns to the section "Angleterre" (col. 1687—1690), and, it must be confessed, that some of the items are rather surprising. To begin with there are a good many misprints. Any-one who, following these indications, endeavoured to find in the British Museum catalogue the Life of Mgr. Headley [sic] by Dom Anselme Willeston [sic] would probably waste a good deal of time before he came across the book he wanted. Neither will he easily meet with any Life of Nicolas Sanders written by W. Pollen. So again in the matter of selection. We should hardly be inclined to call the "Life of Cardinal Manning," by Purcell, a spiritual biography, and indeed we might hesitate to employ this term of Mr. Wilfrid Ward's "Cardinal Wiseman," or of Husenbeth's "Life of Bishop Milner." On the other hand, we look in vain for any mention of Snead Cox's "Life of Cardinal Vaughan," which has much more that character, or of the biographies of Mother Henrietta Kerr, or Mother Janet Stuart, or to turn to another period, of the "Life of Blessed Philip, Earl of Arundel." We can perhaps more easily pardon the omission of Teresa Higginson, but she is, after all, one of the few modern English mystics whose cause is being presented to the Holy See. There are, of course, a great number of very interesting articles in this fascicule though they are of less compass. Let us mention in particular those devoted to St. Bridget of Sweden, the Venerable Blossius, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Boethius and Boudon. We can only wish the editors very heartily the health and patience which must be needed to carry on what we fear must often be not only a very laborious but a rather thankless task.

H.T.

4—THE RETURN OF SCHOLASTICISM¹

THERE is so much to be said in praise of Dr. Hubert Box's book *God and the Modern Mind*, that we must begin with a criticism. Would it not have been more true to call it "God and some Modern Minds"? Not everyone believes in or interprets God as, for instance, Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Bernard Shaw interpret Him; not everyone, as Professor Taylor says so well in his Foreword, is "journalistic" in his concept of God. On the contrary, the more the thought of God is driven from men's minds by our journalistic philosophers, the more the need of Him is felt; the journalists themselves know this when they bring Him back, to be thought about according to their own preconceptions. But it is precisely here that they fail; other modern minds may be interested enough to listen to them, and may, in consequence, be confused by the babel of tongues that they hear, they may themselves be unable either to refute them or to carry on the argument, but underneath they are perfectly conscious that it is not the unbeliever, however specious he may be, who can tell them much about God or take them to Him. With all their seeming indifference they know very well that Augustine is a safer guide than Mr. Wells, Aquinas than Mr. Bernard Shaw (though the latter be a greater man than Shakespeare!), St. Thomas More than Luther, St. Vincent de Paul than Kant, Newman than Comte, or even William James. The Modern Mind includes both sides; and, deep down, we believe that the Modern Heart is on the side of the supernatural, and not on that of the multitudinous naturalistic substitutes, most of which counteract one another.

But with this criticism made, for its significance goes further than the mere title, we can only welcome whole-heartedly Dr. Box's work. He has been at great pains to describe, in the words of the authors themselves, the various conceptions of God held by many of our "best-selling" philosophers; better still, he has, in successive chapters, divided them into their respective schools. This method of study is excellent; for before one comes to test their theories on any anvil, one sees already how they are incompatible with one another. "Anti-intellectualism" has little in common with the "Philosophy of Religious Experience"; "Religious Experience" itself is seen to be inherently inconsistent, according as it is differently handled. Both of these again must be profoundly modified if they are to be made to agree with the modern "Philosophy of Value," which is no more than Pragmatism in a new form, more far-reaching, perhaps unconsciously more materialistic, than the avowed pragmatism of William James. In these chapters, which occupy the greater part of his book, Dr.

¹ *God and the Modern Mind*. By Hubert S. Box, B.D., Ph.D. With a Foreword by A. E. Taylor, M.A. London: S.P.C.K. Pp. xi, 264. Price, 10s.

Box has endeavoured, not only to let the exponents of the various schools speak for themselves, but also to link them together, so that, as far as possible, they may support one another. In this he shows himself a willing listener, an exact and patient student.

Throughout the book Dr. Box gives signs of the way he would meet these modern minds; but his general refutation he reserves to the end, when he opposes "the Philosophy of Being," that is, the Philosophy of St. Thomas and Aristotle, to them all. He champions the system as no less modern than any other; he shows how it goes below every other; *prius esse quam esse tale*. He establishes the first principles of St. Thomas, enters a little into his psychology, examines the meaning of *actus* and *potentia*. These points are well made, so far as the unphilosophical English language will lend itself to such discussions. But most of all we would congratulate the author on the way, in his last chapter, he handles the term "being" when applied to God: the "analogy of being" as the Scholastics call it, blank ignorance of which is the cause of all the floundering among modern philosophers since the days of Kant. "I am who am." If our journalist philosophers would, for once, patiently let themselves ponder the meaning of God's own name for Himself, they might waken up and discover that, instead of parading their agnosticism, which, after all, is only ignorance, they had really believed in God all the time.

✠ A.G.

SHORT NOTICES

THEOLOGICAL.

FR. JAMES, O.M.Cap., as his fast-growing list of volumes shows, has a facile pen; and wide reading has given him a broad space in which to use it. He has already proved his power in discussing philosophy; in *Where Dweldest Thou?* (Ouseley: 3s. 6d.), he discusses the doctrine and the life of grace. Naturally he clings to the *Summa*; but the freedom with which he treats his subject, his many allusions to and quotations from other authors, his eye always upon the life about him, almost make us forget that we are being taken through a course of theology, and not rather being trained to meet a need of our time. Which indeed we are; probably Father James would say that the need of our time is theology.

MORAL.

In its principles stable, in its application continuously progressive, the moral law needs constant restating. Even so exhaustive a treatise as Father Henry Davis's four volumes of *Moral and Pastoral Theology*, published in 1935, has already had a **Supple-**

ment (Sheed & Ward: 1s. n.), containing needful additions and corrections—the former including long excerpts from Pope Pius's directive Encyclical on the Catholic Priesthood—whilst in another brochure is included a list of **Authentic Replies** (Sheed & Ward: 1s. 6d. n.), regarding the Canons of the C.J.C. given to *dubia* by various Congregations from 1918 to 1936 (July).

DOCTRINAL.

Père Albert Bessières, S.J., in *Jésus, Formateur de Chefs* (Editions Spes: 12.00 fr.), continues his apostolate to the men of his own time, stirring them to life and action. He points to the need of leaders; he sees the limitations of such leaders as Mussolini, Hitler, Lenin; he studies Christ our Lord in His work of forming the leaders who were to conquer the world. He analyses the commanding leadership of Christ Himself, especially in His hold upon the people who followed Him; then concludes with like studies of St. Peter and St. Paul. Those who know Père Bessières' fine rhetorical manner will find these conferences by no means wanting in stimulus; the notes at the end of each conference bring the subject-matter still more home to our own needs and conditions. He spares neither the enemy nor ourselves; his repeated lesson is that the times demand courage, and that the cause of Christ suffers from its absence among His followers.

APOLOGETIC.

By birth a Jew, by environment an ardent socialist, David Goldstein ultimately found his way to Christ and His Church. Thenceforward he used all the powers of propaganda which he had acquired as a socialist in defence of the Church and in the exposition of the essential irreligiousness of Socialism. This development he has sketched for us in his interesting **Autobiography of a Campaigner for Christ** ("Catholic Campaigners for Christ": \$2.50). Throughout the land in lectures and debates he insisted that, to quote a socialist authority, "this economic-and-nothing-but-economic Socialism is a 'metaphysical abstraction,' that Socialism as a revolutionary theory of society implies an ethical, religious and political revolution as a consequence of the economic one." It was this fact indeed, that the economics of Socialism cannot be divorced from its materialistic philosophy, which led to his resignation from the party. Later he toured the U.S.A. in a car equipped with loud-speakers exposing in lecture-room, or open park, or street corner, the Catholic doctrine on almost every controversial subject of the day, doctrinal, moral and sociological. Members of the C.S.G. and C.E.G. will derive much profit and perhaps a few ideas from this account of ardent Catholic propaganda. The contrast between the relentless and to many inspiring propaganda of the socialists and the silence of their opponents in the factories, club-rooms and wherever men congregate, is prob-

ably as ominous in this country as in the U.S.A., while the good that even one man can do is almost immeasurable, if, adequately equipped, he gives his whole heart to the work.

PHILOSOPHICAL.

In his Bampton Lectures for 1936, *Time and Eternity in Christian Thought* (Longmans: 15s.), the Rev. F. H. Brabant has taken for his subject the profound problems of the nature of Time and of Eternity and the relation between the two. His treatment is partly historical, partly speculative. The first four lectures are devoted to a survey of what others have said—from Plato and Aristotle to Augustine, Aquinas and the modern philosophies—whilst in the remaining four the preacher discusses these problems in relation rather to the moral and “devotional” life. The treatment is orthodox, eschewing anything in the nature of cleverness or mere novelty. Yet it is never dull. The deep reverence and genuine piety of the author, combined with a human sympathy and an appreciation of the arts of poetry and music (skilfully used to lighten his treatment and at the same time elucidate the subject-matter) combine to produce a work at once sound and stimulating. An occasional phrase or sentence, suggestive of speculation unwelcome to “pious ears,” is a reminder that the sermons were delivered by an Anglican theologian, to an audience largely composed, one feels, of Anglican theologians, in the Church of St. Mary the Virgin at Oxford.

Two useful additions to the Scholastic Series of *Opuscula et Textus* (Aschendorffsche Verlagsbuchhandlung: 0.83 & 0.90 rm.), edited by M. Grabmann and Father Pelster, S.J., are concerned with *Quæstiones de Universalibus*, edited from MSS. by Dr. Johann Kraus (Fasc. xviii) and *S. Thomæ de Generat. Verbi et Process. SS.* (Fasc. xix), edited from the fourth book of the *Summa contra Gentiles*, by Father J. Rabeneck, S.J.

HOMILETIC.

Father Martindale in his sermons has his finger on the pulse of the Catholic life which is commonly lived to-day in our quasi-pagan surroundings, and in *Gates of the Church* (Sheed & Ward: 2s. 6d.), a series of five discourses, he diagnoses very clearly the ideal of Catholicity as it should affect mind and heart and conduct, and the manifold moral and intellectual defects which prevent its realization in so many cases. A capital book for Lenten reading.

DEVOTIONAL.

The name of Hieronymus Jaegen, engineer, banker, soldier, deputy, and mystic, is being much discussed in Germany to-day; and a Jaegen Society in Trèves is engaged in the study of his writings and in urging his cause for beatification. What is, perhaps, the most surprising of his books, “*Das mystische Gnadenleben*,” has been translated and edited by the Rev. W. J.

Anderson, and published with the title **The Mystic Life of Graces** (B.O. & W.: 7s. 6d.). The editing has been very considerable. To bring the work more into line with others of its kind, and also, perhaps, to preserve a greater consistency of thought, Father Anderson has not hesitated to transpose many passages from one place to another, and to add many comments of his own, together with parallel passages from other standard authors. The result is another textbook of mysticism, written by a layman whose life was full of action. One asks oneself how much of it is personal experience, how much the result of the author's study. We would judge, from the many parallels of thought, and often of word, that the major part is second-hand; Jaegen had evidently mastered St. Teresa, St. Ignatius Loyola, and some modern authors such as Tanqueray. Nor do his mystic experiences, as here given, make us alter our opinion; we doubt whether Poulain, or Maumigny, or Görres, would have classed them as more than Acquired Contemplation. The same impression one gets from the descriptions of prayer in detail. But this in no way detracts from the interest and value of the book, rendered all the more valuable by the translator's competent handling.

What must be called the swan-song of the late Father F. M. de Zulueta, **Heart to Heart** (Gill & Son: 7s. 6d.), is typical of its author. From first to last it has been Father de Zulueta's aim to preach the Gospel to simple-minded people, to bring the Faith and its practice, especially devotion to Holy Communion, right into their lives. In this his last book he has done the same with the devotion to the Sacred Heart. He has given us nothing strikingly new; on many pages it bears traces of old age; but few will read it without catching something of that faith, and love, and zeal for souls, which characterized the author to the very end.

In **Points for Meditation on the Holy Mass** (J. Wilkinson, Manchester: 3s. 6d.), Father S. S. Myerscough, S.J., treats the Mass in a new way. He follows the priest step by step; he hears the words pronounced; actions and words suggest to him reflections which he turns into "points" for the benefit of the reader. There are many things in the book which even a priest may not have noticed: the significance of the repeated "*Dominus Vobiscum*," of the kissing of the altar, etc. But the author has far more in mind the devotion of one who hears Mass; such a one cannot go slowly through this book without gaining a knowledge which will help him, especially in prayer.

Father Martindale's valuable *Words of the Missal* has been succeeded by the equally valuable **Prayers of the Missal** (Sheed & Ward: 2s. 6d. n.). If, as the author says, in expounding the Collect for Lætare Sunday, the truths of the Liturgy are continually "refreshing us, and opening wide windows into our stuffy rooms"—surely these "interpretations," so full of spiritual com-

mon sense, may do the same for our comprehension of them, dulled, alas! for most of us, by constant repetition.

Father Geoffrey Bliss, S.J., and Miss Caryl Houselander have combined pen and pencil to produce **A Retreat with St. Ignatius in Pictures for Children** (Sheed & Ward: 2s. 6d.). The twelve whole-page "cartoons" by Miss Houselander, crowded with incident yet harmonious in design, are wholly delightful, and will serve to impress more deeply on the childish mind the illuminating explanations of the course of the Exercises which Father Bliss contributes. Adults will profit by reading the book, but it is not easy to see how it is to be "administered" to groups of children.

NON-CATHOLIC.

This year the Bishop of London has himself written the Lent Book of the series edited by him: **Everyman's Problems and Difficulties** (Longmans: 2s. 6d.). In a Preface contributed by the Archbishop of Canterbury we are told—or rather we are warned—that the book "is written not for scholars, or scientists, or philosophers, or theologians, but for the ordinary man." Certainly few of the former categories will be satisfied with His Lordship's solutions of the "problems and difficulties" he proposes to himself. For instance: "Are miracles possible?—Yes. For they are not against the laws of nature, but against such laws as we at present know." Accordingly, although he allows the Resurrection of Our Lord from the dead to be the greatest miracle of all, he must be prepared to accept the view that the same [unknown] laws of nature may one day enable us to raise ourselves from the dead! It is not wise to abandon traditional Christian teaching.

Canon Peter Green's volume, **Some Gospel Scenes and Characters** (Longmans: 3s. 6d.), does not pretend to be more than an individual attempt to explain all kinds of difficulties and problems in the Gospels: indeed we think he would not object to have his book called a "Gospel according to Canon Peter Green." Not that this need be anything against his little book; indeed in many places he shows himself to be still of the old school of believers, and not to be too much impressed by the modernists. It is true, he has conclusions concerning Our Lord's relatives which are not in accord with Christian tradition, but for the most part his surmises do throw light on the problems he investigates.

Doubtless a book and its author should be judged (if we may use the stock phrase) dynamically rather than statically; Harnack, for instance, appears to be regarded by some Catholics as the prince of rationalists, and yet his noteworthy advance from the views of his teachers towards a more conservative position was a striking testimony to the force of truth in the latter. Dr. Kirk, Regius Professor of Moral and Pastoral Theology and Canon of Christ Church at Oxford, has quickly made himself felt as a living

force in the university, in marked contrast to his predecessor; he may almost be said to be creating moral and pastoral theology as a subject worthy of serious thought and study in the Established Church and at the university, and he has also shown himself zealous in fostering spiritual and religious effort among clergy and laity. We cannot doubt that he is in the main a force making for greater truth and holiness; and therefore we are not disposed to carp at statements and views which fall short (sometimes very short) of Catholic truth. The little volume before us, *The Crisis of Christian Rationalism* (Longmans: 3s. 6d.), seems to us rather typical of the author. He discusses three subjects; the book is composed, in fact, of three addresses delivered to the young ladies at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, upon "the Revelation of God," "the Militancy of Evil," and "Freedom, Happiness, Duty." They are as delightfully nebulous as any bright young thing would wish them to be—or is it possible that the modern undergraduette is really more ruthless in her thinking than her teachers? In any case, she is likely to conclude that the idea of a revelation is not so obsolete as it sounds, that moral evil is after all best avoided, and even that Christ came to set us free. But who the representative of "rationalism" is, who has so much belief in God left, or who is the rather clumsy "traditionalist," we are not told; perhaps some mention of books and authors taken to be representative might have made it easier to understand the author's own lines of thought. We should even have liked him to define his terms. But in any case we conclude (though he may not altogether relish the compliment) that he is not far from the kingdom of God.

HISTORICAL.

Of all the victims of the French Revolution probably none is more worthy of admiration and devotion than the sister of the king. Several lives of her have been written, but the latest, *Madame Elisabeth de France (D'après des documents inédits)*, by Yvonne de La Vergne (Téqui: 12.00 fr.), is likely to supersede all its predecessors. Frankly, it is an engrossing book from beginning to end. The author has studied all the sources; she writes with a sympathy that compels the same in the reader, yet never lets herself go in exclamation or invective. The story is simply told, with the documents quoted as it goes along, of the training of a wonderful soul in the midst of the court at Versailles, and, still more, of the prolonged agony in prison. We are given from within an account of the trial and death of Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, and finally, of Madame Elisabeth herself. The restrained emotion with which this account is given adds to its beauty. M. Georges Goyau has written an Epilogue to this admirable biography, emphasizing some of the most striking qualities of a noble character. There is question of Madame

Elisabeth's beatification; after reading this work one wonders that her cause has not long since been introduced.

The Rome of Dr. Wiseman's day—it is about 120 years since he first visited it—has long since lost many of the physical features and much of the "atmosphere" which then characterized it. Even when in 1858 he first published his "Recollections," his book was welcomed as preserving some of the features of a rapidly-changing scene. Read now in the abridged edition—*Recollections of Rome* (B.O. & W.: 5s.)—to which Archbishop Hinsley, Wiseman's successor as Rector of the Venerable and in England's primatial See, contributes an appreciative foreword—they recall the memory of persons and places which should always live in English Catholic tradition, and paint for us, in the Cardinal's vigorous if somewhat flamboyant style, vivid pictures of world-famed celebrities. We hope the book will be widely distributed amongst the young generations of this country.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Though written and published seventy-five years ago, *La Vie de la Bienheureuse Lidwine, Vierge, Modèle des Malades et des Infirmes*, by Abbé Coudurier (Téqui: 12.00 fr.), has still been thought worthy of reprinting. There are several lives extant of this astonishing Saint; perhaps the present one has the merit of being the first of modern biographies, and also of being founded on the main contemporary sources. It is vividly written; the miracles connected with the Blessed Sacrament are especially well told in every detail; we have the full account of Extreme Unction given to her by Our Lord Himself! Is there any life of any saint which is more full of problems?

Yet another study of St. Thérèse, *Cette que tout le Monde aime: Sainte Thérèse de l'Enfant Jésus*, by Jacques Christophe (Bonne Presse: 6.00 fr.), differs from its predecessors in that, by means of successive vignettes, as it were, it endeavours to portray the growth of the affectionate nature of the saint, first, into a nature overwhelmed with the love of God, and then, into a nature which has won the hearts of all who have come to know it. The author has carefully selected the events, and still more the passages in St. Thérèse's writings, which bring out this side of her character; also he emphasizes such sentences as prove her high degree of prayer. He has written a "vie intime," which will be to many a key to the autobiography, on which everything we know of St. Thérèse depends.

It was fitting that the *Memoir of Father Edmund Lester, S.J.*, should be written by his successor in the directorship of Campion House, Osterley, Father Clement Tigar, S.J., on whom the mantle of that remarkable worker for Christ seems veritably to have fallen. Anyhow, he shows in this excellent sketch how intimate he is with the spirit of Father Lester's enterprise, and how capable,

accordingly, of perpetuating it. The record describes one of the most providential movements of our post-war age, happily-conceived and carried out with a perfection which amounted to genius. In the short space of eighteen years "Osterley" has started on their sacerdotal career priests, both pastoral and regular, to the number of 288—their names, dioceses and year of ordination are given in the Memoir, whilst some four hundred others are preparing at Campion House and elsewhere—in seminaries and religious houses—for that high dignity. The work, on which Father Lester spent himself without stint for nearly twenty years, has as far as one can see been so well established that it will survive the loss of his fertile brain and generous heart. We hope this very readable account of his life and labours will do much to keep alive and effective his inspiring memory.

What a wealthy Government was unable or unwilling to do—rescue from destitution a large region under its rule—was accomplished by the efforts of a simple Sister of Charity, whose main instrument was a perfect reliance on Providence. The story is excellently told by the Rev. Denis Gildea in **Mother Mary Arsenius of Foxford** (B.O. & W.: 6s.). As the Bishop of Achonry points out, in his appreciative foreword, her remarkable achievement for the temporal, as well as for the spiritual welfare of her neighbours is a standing refutation of the foolish notion that entire dedication to God means neglect of His children. Mother Morrogh Bernard was of distinguished descent both on her father's side—the Morroghs being prominent in the history of Cork—and on her mother's who was a Blount of Mapledurham, but nothing in her ancestry surpassed what she herself accomplished in her long life of nearly seventy years in religion. During the last forty she presided over the Foxford convent where on the river Moy in a remote and desolate part of Mayo, she had instituted a thriving woollen industry which brought prosperity to an impoverished and helpless country-side, and what is more showed that even the factory-system can be "baptized" and made consonant with the Catholic life. Next to the foundress of the Congregation, the Venerable Mary Aikenhead, this great servant of God and man, who died as lately as 1932 at the age of ninety, stands as an eloquent exponent of practical Christianity and her life deserves to be read and remembered when now we are trying, before it is too late, to recover the true Catholic spirit. Father Gildea deals succinctly but clearly with much of the history of Ireland, from the Famine to the recognition of self-government, in his interesting narrative.

VERSE.

The author of **Thronging Feet** (Sheed & Ward: 3s. 6d.), Mr. Robert Farren, is said by Father Daniel Corkery, who introduces him, to be a budding poet and a young man. We can well believe

it; none the less, the poet is more evident than the youth. He knows the meaning of a poem; a complete, elevating thought, taken from, it may be, some ordinary event of every day, but grasped as a whole, separated from all earthiness, lifted up into a sphere where all is light, and expressed in a rhythm of language that exactly suits it. There is depth still to be gained, but that will come. Mr. Farren can play at will on two instruments, the English organ and the Irish harp; at times his music is made up of both, but that is when he is thinking most of children, as in "Young Slumland Street":

They've sweated blood in Slumland Street,
But "God is good!" says Slumland Street,
so babies sing,
and babies swing,
and babel bells of laughter ring:
young Slumland Street is gay.

Though not his best, such a poem gives an inkling of all his gifts at once. Which are his best? At least, those which show the farthest vision are under the general heading, "Credidi."

The busy man would probably have little time for **Terracina Cloud**, a book of poems by Frederick Johnston (The Verona Press, Verona: 3s. 6d.), for it must be confessed that they are not easy reading; one gets the impression that this was the author's deliberate aim. He tells us that these are "vers de début," and so much is apparent: still, they are the début of one who has a command of words, who knows the worth of rhythm, though sometimes he misses the beauty of rhyme, for "morn" does not rhyme with "dawn," nor "waterfall" with "voice of all." But perhaps he has, as yet, less command of his imagination, which tends to run riot and lose itself in the glory and colour of nature, or in the sheer delight of its own intoxication. That Mr. Johnston can write simply, the *scherzo* proves which begins:

Dear God, how I love
All little frail grasses,
That when thy breath passes
All silvery move.

We believe he will grow in restraint as he gains experience, and then we may hope for the real fruit of his inspiration.

From the well-known writer "Ymal Oswin" come **Two Plays: Godfrey de Bouillon and St. Ambrose of Milan** (Catholic Records Press: 2s. 6d.). They are described as written "for Colleges and Youths' Dramatic Societies." The first, written in blank verse, deals, as may be guessed, with the conquest of Jerusalem and the setting up of Godfrey's kingdom. (We would remind the author that the plural of Mussulman is not Mussulmen, more than once used, but Mussulmans.) The second, written in prose, begins

with Ambrose the youth at home, chosen, while ruler of Milan, and still unbaptized, to be its bishop, parting with his saintly family, to contend, first with Justina and the Arians, then with the temper of Theodosius; closing with a tableau of the well-known scene, when Ambrose excluded the emperor from his cathedral. Both call for excellent acting to be fully appreciated.

Reading the poems of Miss Katherine Brégy contained in her volume, *Ladders and Bridges: a Book of Verse* (D. McKay & Co., Philadelphia), one gets a distinct and peculiar impression that they were written, not so much to be printed, perhaps not even to be read, but just for the desire to write them, and the satisfaction of expressing, in the appropriate metre, a single beautiful idea. There is a touch of melancholy in the author's outlook on life. She sees man's shortcomings and appeals to God to be kind to him accordingly; she sees the shortcomings of nature around her, and tells it so; she sees the limits of human love, and the pain that is therefore never far off. But her faith supports her; and a mind that evidently could have become as so many of our unbelieving poets have become, just "singers of despair," is saved and lifted up by these very shortcomings into greater hope and peace. Miss Brégy commands many kinds of metre, old and modern; but to us she seems more musical and true in the old than in the modern forms.

M. Henri Ghéon has been persuaded to publish a selection of his own poems which have appeared in different volumes, now out of print, during the last forty years. This he has done in *Chants de la Vie et de la Foi: 1897—1934* (Flammarion: 15.00 fr.). To one who knows the author only in such translated work as we possess in English these poems may come as no small surprise. He has deliberately, it would seem, selected such poems as mark his development, or his development as he himself sees it; to us the selection marks the growth of an understanding and interpretation of nature which we had hardly suspected in the author of "The Secret of the Curé d'Ars," or even of the dramatic sketches on St. Francis of Assisi. Attention to very small details, discovery of something dramatic in very little things—this is specially noticeable in the series called "Algérie, 1905"—vivid use of adjectives of colour, rhythm carefully adapted to his subject, these are part of his technique; as he progresses, above all when the War has stirred the tragic in him by the death of friends, the love of nature falls back to the love of the supernatural which nature reveals. The Choral Ode to the memory of the late King of the Belgians contains all these characteristics, and expresses Ghéon the poet at his best.

In *Three Mice* (Heath Cranton: 2s. 6d.) Mr. C. G. Mortimer has produced a charming story, in rhyme, which should delight many readers, young and old. It has the right nonsensical touch,

and runs smoothly but without monotony, that bane of narrative verse. Mr. Bernard Leahy's twelve illustrations are of a whimsicality entirely in keeping with that of the author.

FICTION.

An enormous amount of erudition has been compressed into Mr. Compton Mackenzie's novel, **The East Wind of Love** (Rich & Cowan: 8s. 6d. n.), the first of a series of four, dealing, we presume, with various forms and aspects and effects of that particular emotion. As exhibited by many of the "amoral" set of characters herein portrayed, it is not the love which the Christian faith elevates and ennobles, but rather the merely animal variety, however skilfully the novelist disguises its real character beneath the glamour of romance. It is to be regretted that this idealization and occasional over-frank descriptions make it impossible to recommend the book without a certain reserve, for it is attractively, even eloquently, written, is filled with fine appreciations of music and art and literature, and gives a vivid representation of the political and social outlook of the early years of this century. The author stretches the novelist's conventions beyond due limits by putting into the mouths and pens of his characters little perfectly-rounded essays, but there is enough bright and natural talking to restore some degree of verisimilitude.

We are delighted to welcome in a new and attractive format a third (revised) edition of a volume of stories, **Beardless Counsellors** (Sands & Co.: 3s. 6d. n.), by Miss Cecily Hallack, the bulk of which originally appeared in our pages. Miss Hallack has the art of immersing the powder of edification so imperceptibly in the jam of entertainment that even the most earthly of mortals will consume the whole with relish and not realize why he has become more spiritual. The stories concern the actions and reactions of sundry Boy Scouts, but Girl Guides will enjoy them equally. We trust that the multitudes of young folk who, since the book was last published have become capable of appreciating it, will speedily be given the chance.

An uncanny power of diagnosing feminine foibles and a vivid sense of humour fills **Educating Elizabeth** (Longmans: 7s. 6d. n.), by Miss Margaret Hassett, with fun from cover to cover. Elizabeth becomes the Headmistress of a large school for girls in a Scottish town, and her "education" consists in her intercourse with the amazing variety of queer characters who constitute her staff. One feels that the situation is depicted from the life, substantially true yet with such exaggerations as nature needs to become art. The satire is indeed merciless, yet the narrative is so lively and picturesque, with such a wealth of quaint lowland Scotch in the dialogue, that most of it can be read only with an accompaniment of smiles, chuckles and laughter.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Dr. Purcell, in his book, **Problems of Chinese Education** (Kegan Paul: 10s. 6d.), takes as the central topic of his work the fact that in recent years the Chinese have been abandoning their age-old system of literary education in favour of one borrowed from the West. It is a painstaking and scholarly work. The lay reader, who might at first be overawed by technical minutiae concerned with such matters as language, will soon realize that such exact study is indispensable to any understanding at all of Chinese mentality, and will be rewarded by much enlightening information. The book should prove useful especially to missiologists. The author emphasizes the fact that those Chinese who are sponsoring the change in education claim characteristically to be able to find precedents in the practice of their early ancestors.

REPRINTS.

The hearts of Catholic school-librarians, amongst others, will rejoice when confronted with the list of the latest additions to Messrs. Sheed & Ward's "Ark Library," for thus a considerable number of excellent books at cheap rates are made available for their shelves—books which at their original price have won wide acceptance and have in them matter of permanent value. Thus Mgr. Knox's **Barchester Pilgrimage** is a perfect parody of Trollope, and at the same time a shrewd criticism of the development or rather the deterioration of the Anglicanism which formed his main theme. In **Progress and Religion** Mr. Christopher Dawson's gift of making philosophy intelligible to the average non-scholastic mind appears to conspicuous advantage as vindicating for Catholicism a power of adaptation to every phase of culture. M. Henri Ghéon's much discussed volume **The Secret of the Little Flower** remains to check the tendency to "canonize before the time," a common failing of biographers. As is well known Mr. A. Lunn's **A Saint in the Slave Trade** is more than a biography; it is a pragmatic justification of Catholicism exemplified in one of the most heroic of Saints, and an able exposition of the relation between suffering and happiness—in fact, the "Mystery of the Cross." **The Well and the Shallows** is the last (so far) of those books of collected essays wherein the measureless wisdom and sanity of G. K. Chesterton are exhibited in such profusion, and which, however ephemeral their occasion, are made the medium of so much valuable teaching. Added to this new batch of "Ark" books which are published at the uniform price of 3s. 6d. n., Messrs. Sheed & Ward have several other notable books at reduced cost—**The Breakdown of Money**, that acute analysis of the flaws of our currency system, by Mr. Christopher Hollis, at 2s. 6d. n., as is **The Mystery of the Kingdom**, by Mgr. Ronald Knox, a collection of studies of the parables; **Fish on Friday**, that volume of delightful

literary sketches by Father Leonard Feeney, S.J., is ridiculously cheap at 2s. 6d. n., and the two inspiring booklets on the Liturgy—**The Spirit of the Liturgy** and **Sacred Signs**, both by Romano Guardini—similarly priced, are only less so.

Messrs. Longmans have re-issued Archbishop Goodier's **The Inner Life of a Catholic** which has thus been reprinted three times since its first appearance in 1933. It is an admirable exposition of the principles of action of one who has fully realized what his condition is as a creature and an adopted child of God. The Catholic Action or Lay Apostolate to which we are called demands in the first place a setting-in-order of one's personal relations with God. This treatise shows in detail how this is to be done and what is the result of thus "putting on Christ." The price, in paper covers, is 2s. 6d. n.

Messrs. Burns, Oates & Washbourne have re-issued at 6s., in larger print and format, a revision of Dom Justin McCann's scholarly edition of **The Cloud of Unknowing and other Treatises**, by an unknown mystic of the fourteenth century, together with Fr. Augustine Baker's Commentary on "The Cloud." The whole puts within reach of the devout English reader an invaluable contribution native to the soil to the science of intercourse with God.

The teaching of a greater authority on this sublime science has been summarized by a French author, and forms in Mr. David Lewis's translation another of Messrs. Sheed & Ward's cheap re-issues—**The Mystical Doctrine of St. John of the Cross** (3s. 6d. n.). The merit of this abridgment is that it arranges in orderly and logical sequences the various degrees by which the soul is raised to the Divine Union, and thus enables the aspirant to walk and run before he attempts to fly.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

Among the new C.T.S. publications in the larger format at 2d. is the interesting broadcast **The Second Eve**, by Mgr. Ronald Knox, which skilfully develops the contrast in spirit and in act between the mother of man unredeemed and the Mother of man redeemed. Visitors to Rome and those who wish to have in handy shape an account of the Catacombs in general, will find much information in **San Callisto**, by Rev. J. L. McGovern. Lady Amabel Kerr has written a delightful Bible Picture-Book for Catholic children, **From Adam to Ruth** (part I), the plates being those which commonly appear in our Church Histories, whilst the letterpress is original. The Joint Pastoral Letter of December last, from the hierarchy of England and Wales, is reprinted under the title **The Apostolate of the Laity**, and should be read and re-read by all called to share in Christianizing this paganized country.

The Catholic Mind for January 22nd (5 cents) continues a collection of illuminating articles bearing on the Communist onslaught on Catholic Spain; while in a separate pamphlet the same America

Press publishes an excellent exposure of the ramifications and general tactics of **Communism in the U.S.A.**, by Joseph F. Thorning, S.J.

From the "Boy Saviour Movement" of New York come four booklets: a **Hymn Book**, containing the words and music of some thirty hymns, many of them written and composed by the compiler himself, Father Walsh, S.J. (25 cents or 1s.); the **Words** only of the above hymns (5 cents); **A Plea for Reverence** (10 cents), and **A Call of the Shepherd to the Youth of the Fold**: third edition (5 cents), by Father Walsh, S.J. As the last-named pamphlet explains at length, these represent some of the literature concerning a very hopeful development—"The Boy Jesus Devotion"—which is an answer to the Pope's summons to Youth in the Encyclical on Christian Education.

David Goldstein, the veteran Campaigner for Christ, has written a useful booklet, **Americanism v. Communism: Liberty or Tyranny?**, to explain how essentially opposed is the theory and practice of Communism to the American ideals of liberty: it is published, as No. 30 of the "Timely Topics Series," by the Central Bureau Press, St. Louis, Mo.

The Other Side of the Miner's Life, issued by Philip Gee, 5 New Court, Lincoln's Inn, W.C. 2, with the Authority of the Mining Association of Great Britain, gives an instructive picture of the splendid welfare work being done in the mining industry.

The Joy of Greek is a brief essay, or series of essays, by Mr. A. A. Hamilton, M.A., a master at the Vaughan School, Kensington, where this pamphlet is published. The writer is able, beautifully and with poetic insight, to share with others some of the "joy in beauty" of which he treats, and his words may well prove an inspiration to both student and scholar.

A booklet entitled **Knots Untied of the Latin Psalter**, by the Rev. F. Pinkman (B.O. & W.: 2s. 6d.), ought to be of value and interest not only to students of the Psalms, but to any "average Catholics" wishing to add to their knowledge of the language of the sacred Liturgy.

The Mission Fathers at The Mount, Croydon, have published an interesting account of work done during 1936, by **The Southwark Catholic Travelling Mission**. It embodies also an appeal on behalf of their Mission, which merits the fullest support in its devoted efforts to spread the Faith, and to preserve it in outlying districts.

Liturgy and Life, by Dom Rembert Bularzik, O.S.B., a reprint from the "Orate Fratres" series, published by the Liturgical Press, Minnesota (8 cents), is an illuminating and original little exposition of the relationship, so to speak, between the worlds of outward sense and of inward vision. The author uses as a "bridge" the great facts and doctrines shown forth throughout the Church's liturgical year.

From St. Dominic's Press, Ditchling, comes a Raissa Maritain booklet, *The Prince of This World*, translated by Father Gerald B. Whelan, Ph.D.—a short but profound study of the fallen angelic nature of Lucifer, and of its mysterious influence for evil upon fallen but redeemed mankind.

The Richard Cobden Lecture for 1936, given in London by Professor William E. Rappard, and printed by Cobden-Sanderson, is entitled *The Common Menace of Economic and Military Armaments* (1s.). It deals discriminatingly with the international problems it specifies, and should help towards a wider understanding of the vital issues involved.

"THE MONTH" FORWARDING SCHEME.

Readers who are willing to forward their "Month" to a missionary or to provide an annual subscription (14s.) for one to be sent direct to the more distant outposts are asked to communicate with The Hon. Secretary, "The Month" Forwarding Scheme, 31 Farm Street, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. Readers *must* enclose a stamped addressed envelope, and all names and addresses, whether of missionaries applying for "The Month," or readers providing it, *should be printed in capitals*. Missionaries should notify the Secretary if their "Months" do not arrive regularly, and both priests and forwarders should send us any changes in address at once. (Subscription from U.S.A., \$3.50.)

FOREIGN STAMPS, particularly from British Colonies, are collected by the Secretary and sold for the work of the Forwarding Scheme. These should be cut off leaving roughly $\frac{1}{2}$ in. margin. If edges or backs are damaged they are useless.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

ARIANI, Florence.

Una Lettera di Sant' Isidoro Pelusiota. By Francesco la Cava. Pp. 12.

ASCHENDORFFSCHE VERLAGSBUCHHANDLUNG, Münster.

Opuscula et Textus. Fascicules xviii, xix. Pp. 63, 71. Price, 83 rm., 90 rm.

BAUCHESNE, Paris.

L'Évangile du Paysan. 7^e edition. By P. Gérard. Pp. 366. Price, 18.00 fr.

Les Perfections Divines. By Père R. Garrigou-Lagrange. Pp. 316. Price, 25.00 fr.

Dictionnaire de Spiritualité. Fascicule VI. Edited by Marcel Viller, S.J. Col. 400. Price, 30.00 fr.

BERNARD GRASSET, Paris.

Autour de l'Humanisme. By Henri Bremond. Pp. 102. Price, 16.50 fr.

BLACKWELL, Oxford.

Inside Out. 2 vols. By E. Stuart Bates. Pp. 288; xxix, 344. Price,

21s. n. *The Prose Works of Alexander Pope*. Pp. cxxvi, 326. Price, 30s. n.

Christianity and Communism. By various authors. Edited by Wilson Harris. Pp. xiv, 76. Price, 2s. 6d. n.

BROWNE & NOLAN, Dublin.

Occasional Sermons. By Vincent Byrne, S.J. Pp. 267. Price, 5s. n.

BUREAU SINOLOGIQUE, Zi-ka-wei.

Annuaire des Missions Catholiques de Chine, 1937. Pp. 92. Price, 80 cents.

BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, LTD., London.

The Old Law and the New Morality. By the Rev. P. J. Gannon, S.J. Pp. 136. Price, 3s. 6d.

Roman Breviary. Spring. Compiled by the nuns of Stanbrook. Pp. cxxiii, 1111. Price,

15s. *God's Way of Mercy*. By Vincent McNabb, O.P. Pp. x, 230. Price,

55. *The Quest of the Holy Grail*. Illustrated. By Aileen Bagot. Pp. 192. Price, 5s. *La Trappe in England*. By a Religious of Stapenhill. Pp. ix, 224. Price, 7s. 6d. *In Christ's Own Country*. Illustrated. By Dom Ernest Graf, O.S.B. Pp. x, 302. Price, 10s. 6d.
- C.T.S., of Ireland.
- The Blessed Oliver Plunket*. By the Rev. Sir John O'Connell. Pp. 48.
- DESLÉE DE BROUWER, Paris.
- Summa Theologiae Moralis*. III. Edited by B. H. Merkelbach, O.P. Pp. 1024. Price, 40.00 fr. *Les Sources de l'Idéalisme*. By P. Régis Jolivet. Pp. 230. Price, 15.30 fr.
- DOLPHIN PRESS, Philadelphia.
- The Dominican Nuns in their Cloister*. Translated from the French by Dominican Nuns. Pp. xii, 285.
- FRASER, Glasgow.
- Chota Chants*. By William Hutcherson. Pp. 149. Price, 5s.
- HEATH CRANTON, LTD., London.
- Macbeth*. By W. D. Sargeant. Pp. 208. Price, 7s. 6d.
- LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., London.
- The Inner Life of the Catholic*. By Archbishop Goodier, S.J. Pp. xvi, 174. Price, 2s. 6d. *Time and Eternity in Christian Thought*. By Rev. F. H. Brabant. Pp. viii, 282. Price, 15s. n. *A Modern Job Speaks With God*. By Peter Lippert, S.J. Pp. viii, 224. Price, 7s. 6d. *Biography of a Family*. By Milton Waldman. Pp. xxi, 302. Price, 16s. n. *Edmund Lester, S.J.* By Clement Tigar, S.J. Pp. x, 116. Price, 3s. 6d. *Educating Elizabeth*. By Margaret Hassett. Pp. vi, 332. Price, 7s. 6d. n. *Baron Friedrich von Hügel*. By Maurice Nédoncelle. Pp. xii, 213. Price, 8s. 6d. n.
- MARIETTI, Turin.
- "Nequando Convertantur."* By Francesco la Cava. Pp. 38. Price, 2.00 l. *Institutiones Juris Canonici*. Volume III. By Dr. Christophorus Berutti, O.P. Pp. xvi, 384. Price, 25.00 l. Volume V. By Matthaeus C. A. Coronata, O.M.C. Pp. viii, 387. Price, 20.00 l. *Missale Romanum*. Latest Edition. Pp. lxxviii, 209.
- OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.
- European Civilization*. Vol. V. By various Authors. Edited by Edward Eyre. Pp. 1328. Price, 25s. n.
- RICH & COWAN, London.
- Come to the March*. By Jane Lane. Pp. 342. Price, 7s. 6d. n.
- SANDS & CO., London.
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